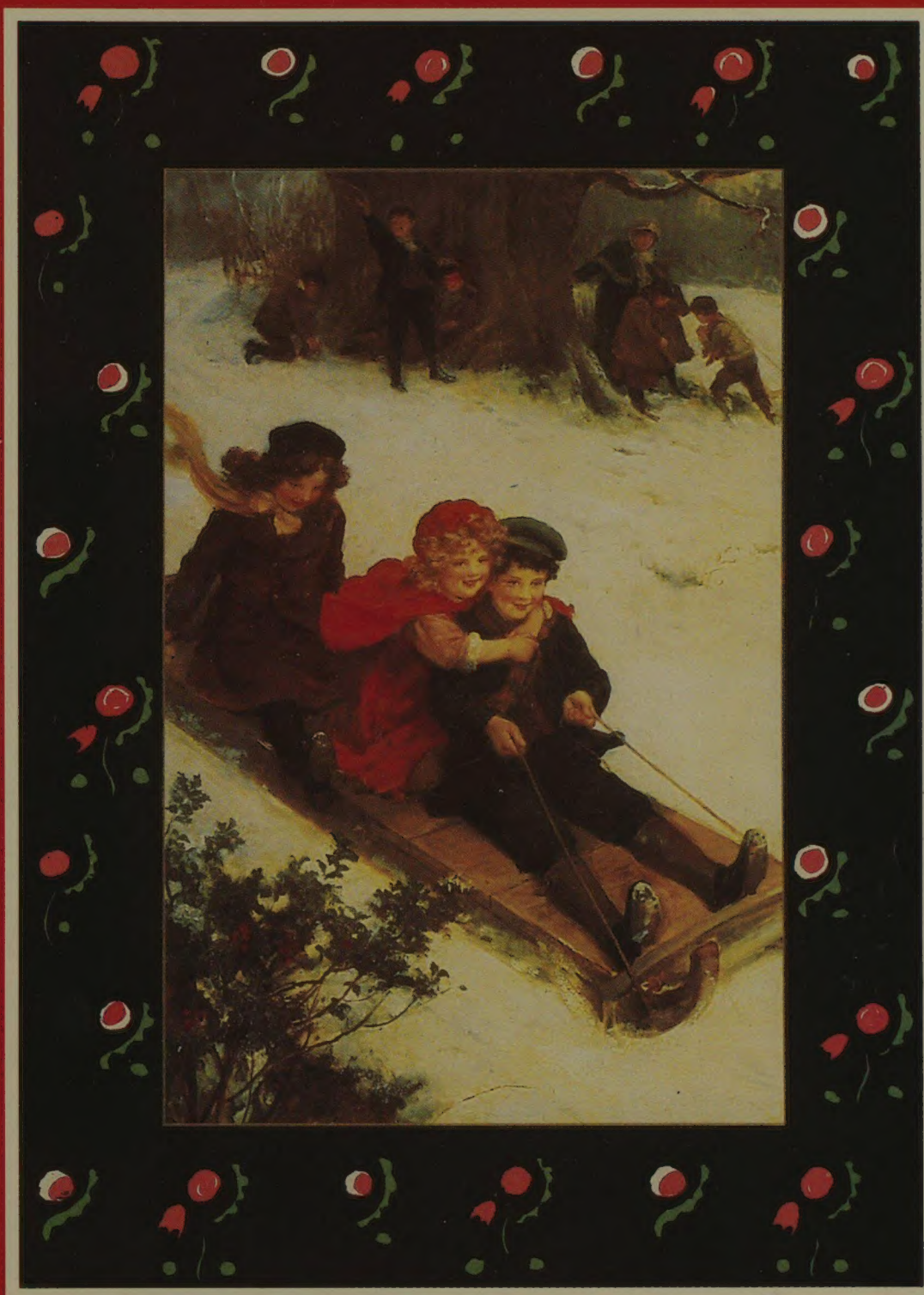


THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

£1.50

US \$3.95

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1986



Sir Michael Levey on the Madonna's image

Christopher Booker's quiz

Brian Aldiss short story • Gyles Brandreth party games

Where the reindeer run

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE GLENFIDDICH*GUIDE TO THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.



*THE ULTIMATE TEMPTATION.



4. LUST.





THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1986

COVER ILLUSTRATION

Sleigh Ride by George Sheridan Knowles.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.
Telephone 01-928 6969.

Editor James Bishop
Deputy Editor Roger Berthoud
Special Projects Editor Alex Finer
Art Director Jeanette Collins
Picture Editor Bryn Campbell
Senior Designer Jo Plent
Production Editor Margaret Davies
Sub Editors Joanna Willcox
Simon Horsford
Editorial Researchers Liz Falla
Sally Richardson
Travel Editor David Tennant
Circulation Manager Richard Pitkin
Production Manager John Webster
Advertisement Director Jeffery May
Publisher Tony Price
Proprietor James Sherwood

© 1986 *The Illustrated London News*, a partnership of James B Sherwood, Munroe Pofcher and British Ferries Ltd. World copyright of all editorial matter, both illustrations and text, is strictly reserved. Colour transparencies and other material submitted to *The Illustrated London News* are sent at their owners' risk and, while every care is taken, neither *The Illustrated London News* nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage. Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions and address corrections to: ILN Subscription Department, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR. Telephone 0858 34567. Second-class postage paid at Rahway NJ. Postmaster: Send address corrections to The Illustrated London News, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc, 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001, USA. ISSN number: 0019-2422. USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$29), USA/Europe £25 (\$37), Canada £25 (\$42), rest of the world £28 (\$42).

HUSH THE NOISE,
YE MEN OF STRIFE
by the Rector of St Bride's,
Fleet Street

7

PROFILE OF ST PAUL'S CHOIR
by Alan Hamilton

8

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL
composed for *ILN*
by David Matthews

12



THE REINDEER OF FINNMARK
photographed by
Bryan and Cherry Alexander

18



MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS
by John Blashford-Snell,
Barbara Cartland,
Sir Fred Hoyle, Douglas Hurd MP,
Sir Peter Medawar,
Sir Yehudi Menuhin
and John Wells

28

HUNKIN'S VIEW OF CHRISTMAS
50



A FRIENDLY FEAST
with recipes, by Frances Bissell
52

THE OLDER EVIL
a new mystery story
by Brian Aldiss
58

FOOD BY POST
by Alex Finer
66

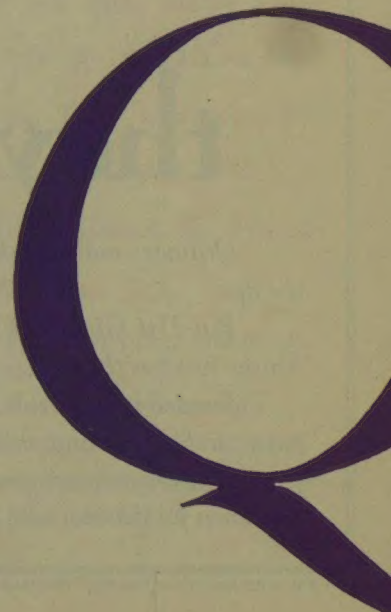
STATE-OF-THE-ART PRESENTS
70

THE CHRISTMAS QUIZ
compiled by
Christopher Booker
74

PARTY GAMES
by Gyles Brandreth
32

A TREK IN THE HIMALAYAS
by Hilary Rubinstein
38

THE MADONNA'S CHANGING
IMAGE
by Sir Michael Levey
43





When people weren't drinking The Glenlivet, they were singing its praises.

Ordinary malt whiskies merely touch the lips.

But THE GLENLIVET® single malt whisky touches the soul.

Lauded in literature, verse, and music, in humour and philosophy, it has stirred the creative imagination of Scotsmen for generations.

One J. Scott Skinner was inspired enough to compose a whole song dedicated to THE GLENLIVET.

While his glass overflowed, his pen spilled lyrics:

SCOTT SKINNER'S made anither tune,
The very dirl o't reached the moon,
Till ilka lassie an' her loon

Commenced the dance fit' frisky, O!

The burden o' the sang was this—

"We never felt sic Lunar bliss;

Anither reel, an' syne a kiss,

Ower guid Glenlivet Whisky, O!"

Freemasons! to the Major drink—
We daurna speak, but we can wink,
An' heaven be thankit, we can think,

An' 'thinkin', feel richt frisky, O!
Lang may they thrive in stock an' store,
Balmenach, Craggan, an' Minmore,
An' I'll be up to hae't a splore
In gran' Glenlivet Whisky, O!

Praise indeed for the 'Grandfather of all Scotch.'

But if THE GLENLIVET was music to Scott Skinner's ears, then to W.E. Aytoun it was nothing short of miraculous. In the celebrated ballad 'The Massacre of Macpherson' Aytoun tells us that:

"Fauson had a son
Who married Noah's daughter
And nearly spoilt ta flood
By trinking up ta water.
Which he would have done—
1, at least, believe it—
Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet."

Another Scottish writer went even further...

The Immortal Glenlivet.

Christopher North believed THE GLENLIVET held the secret of eternal life! In his famous series of sketches for Blackwood's Magazine in 1827, he quoted James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd:

Gie me the real Glenlivet, and I woot believe I could mak drinking forty oot o' sen-water. The human mind never fixes o' Glenlivet, any mair than o' callan air. If a body could just find out the exact proportion and quantity that ought to be drunk every day and keep to that, I woot know that he might leave for ever, without dying at a, and that doctors and kirkyards would go out o' fashion.

Such eulogies quickly raised THE GLENLIVET to the legendary status it enjoys today.

Gow, alias Smith.

But when our founder's ancestor, John Gow, first distilled THE GLENLIVET in 1747, he had no idea how famous his whisky would become.

In fact, fame and fortune were the last things on his mind.

John Gow was actually seeking anonymity.

You see, he had fought and lost with

Bonnie Prince Charlie and had to flee with his family for fear of his life.

He changed his name to Smith to baffle the English soldiers and retreated North to a remote Highland valley.

Lady Luck and Mother Nature.

As if to make up for Gow's misfortune on the battlefield of Culloden, Lady Luck guided him to a magical place.

A place where Mother Nature had

assembled the perfect elements for making malt whisky.

There were rich crops of barley. Fields carpeted with peat. Soft Highland air. And most precious of all, pure spring water from a source known as Josie's Well.

It was here beside Josie's Well that John Gow (alias Smith) began his new life as farmer and distiller.

THE GLENLIVET was born. And it was out of this world.

No-one could explain why it was so special. It just was.

Perhaps it was the quality of the barley, harvested at the peak of ripeness.

Or the pure Highland water that it was steeped in.

Perhaps it was the way the peat

dried out the malted barley.

Or maybe something wonderful happened as the gentle Highland air permeated through the oak casks while the whisky aged.

No-one could say because no-one knew. Not even John Smith. He was just thankful to have the four 'gifts of God' in such abundance and in such a mystical combination.

Famous, but infamous.

At first, John Smith distilled his beloved malt illegally, like all his friends and

neighbours, refusing to hand over one penny in taxes.

He passionately believed in the Highlander's right to make his own dram, in his own home, without interference from the Government, especially a Sassenach Government!

(Robert Burns put the Highlanders' contempt for the Revenue men in a nutshell. "Freedom and whisky gang thegither!")

But the word spread about John Smith's magnificent illicit dram.

It stood apart from other malts, with its distinctive 'nose' and unique subtle taste. A smooth, mellow integration of peatiness, softness and sweetness.

Soon, THE GLENLIVET was the toast of gentlemen, lords and even a king. (George IV was said to drink 'nothing else'.)

Such a whisky couldn't remain outside the law indefinitely. And so in 1824, at the ripe old age of 77, THE GLENLIVET distillery became a legal establishment.

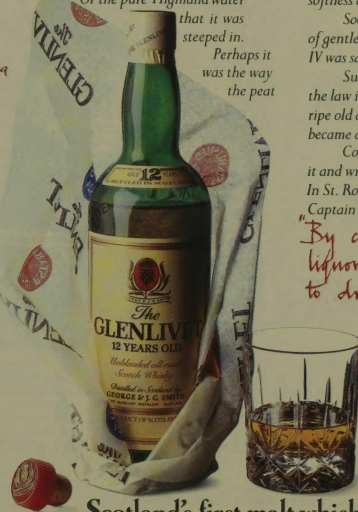
Connoisseurs have been appreciating it and writing about it ever since.

In St. Ronan's Well by Sir Walter Scott, the Captain praised THE GLENLIVET thus:

"By cot, it is the only liquor fit for a gentleman to drink in the morning, if he can have the good fortune to come by it you see."

There are other fine malts, of course.

But none with enough romance and character to have created such a song and dance as THE GLENLIVET.



Scotland's first malt whisky.

Drambuie. The past and the present



Put Drambuie on your present list this Christmas



The Drambuie Liqueur Company Ltd. Edinburgh Scotland.



Hush the noise ye men of strife and hear the angels sing

It was going to be one of those Christmases... just about everything seemed to be going wrong. Even the Christmas Eve Nativity play—usually the easiest task—was taking on nightmare proportions. Joseph had flu, one of the kings had lost his crown and, on the telephone an hour before the performance, a mother—distraught after a long, tearful battle with six-year-old daughter—crying, “I’m terribly sorry, Vicar, but Emma doesn’t want to be an angel.”

I felt sorry for the mother but my sympathies were with Emma. After all, who would want to be an angel? It is not just the curious garments they have to wear but the extraordinary messages they have to convey. Imagine having to go to a young woman with the news that she is to have a child who will be the Son of God; consider the task of convincing a group of shepherds that they ought to leave their sheep and go to worship the Saviour of the world who has just been born, in a stable of all places. And yet, because Mary listened and accepted the message of the angels, she became the mother of Jesus; because the shepherds listened and accepted the message of the angels, they came face to face with Jesus.

In 2,000 years no other message has had the impact and import of that, and it is the belief of Christians that the birth of the Child which the angels proclaimed was the most significant happening in human history. That belief has inspired men and women down the centuries to quite remarkable feats. The first hospitals, the first schools, the finest music, the greatest works of art, the most beautiful buildings were all produced by men and women who had heard the message of the angels and who found in the Christ Child a new way of living. Not all our Christmas celebrations, alas, will point us in the same way.

There is no need of a prophet to forecast a huge spending spree, coloured lights and a great deal of frenzied activity. Perhaps we have become so accustomed to putting up our Christmas trees and spending in the gift-laden stores that we have become less accustomed to considering the cause for our celebration.

It is necessary to look at the true story of Christmas if this great festival is not to be reduced to a shallow, expensive and extraordinarily exhaust-

ing carnival. It is natural that Christians, aware of the greatest gift ever vouchsafed to human kind—the gift of Christ—should, out of their great joy, want to give to others. It is important to ensure that those gifts reflect something of the greatest gift which is available to all. The advertisements might lead us to suppose that the most expensive trinket on offer would be the most appropriate gift for our nearest and dearest. That does not reflect our experience of life, for we know that, sooner or later, rich as well as poor hear the words “we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out”.

Human kind has two basic needs—to be loved and to love. Unless we know we are loved, we are unlikely to be able to love. Two thousand years after the event, the carol, the crib and Bethlehem still excite because they tell such a lovely story—a story of love.

In a world which thought itself unloved, God intervened to demonstrate his love. A newborn babe cries out for love and, from the loving care given by the parents, the babe learns to love and trust. That wonderful experience of any parent is but a tiny and inadequate illustration of the tremendous love which God pours forth through the Child of Bethlehem. For Christmas is only a beginning: it is the belief of Christians that the Child was, in fact, the Son of God; that man demonstrated his power by crucifying the Son of God and that God demonstrated His power by raising His Son from the dead. We believe the Child of Bethlehem, the Crucified Lord and the Risen Christ give a new dimension of living, a new awareness that we are loved, which releases in us a new capacity to love.

There is much hate in the world: there are horrors of vandalism, terrorism and all kinds of appalling examples of man’s inhumanity to man. This sometimes blinds us to the fact that there are a great many more acts of love and charity going on, about which the angels sing and rejoice.

The angels who sang for the shepherds are still singing and if we are as ready to listen and act on their message as were the shepherds, we shall find, like them, that the joy, peace and love of the Christ Child can be ours and in our homes not only at Christmastide but every day of our lives ○

by Canon John Oates
Rector of St Bride’s,
Fleet Street

Alan Hamilton profiles the choir school at
St Paul's where pupils are at their
busiest in the build-up to the Christmas Day services.
Photographs by Geg Germany.



CAROLS

IN THE CATHEDRAL





The boys
need sparkle and personality
—the ability
to give a performance.



There is a grandeur about great cathedrals that invests worship with a heightened sense of theatre. There is an anonymity about them too, which permits the uncommitted a greater privacy than they might find among the familiar faces of a parish congregation. Silent cathedrals are at best awesome monuments, fill them with music and you have one of the most potent keys of man's devising for unlocking his earthbound spirit.

St Paul's is a majestically uplifting cathedral, which first opened its doors to worship in 1697, midway

between the death of Monteverdi and the birth of Mozart, and three years before the young J. S. Bach became a chorister at Lüneburg. It is determinedly post-medieval in its light and space, the creation of an age when Anglicanism had long escaped the strictures of dark superstition and the structural limitations of early Gothic architecture.

From the choir stalls, with their modern steakhouse table lamps highlighting the pearwood decoration and organ case exquisitely carved by Gibbons, the bell-like purity of young voices carries without benefit of microphones to the farthest end of the 180 foot nave. The sound is given body by 18 vicars-

choral, adult singers who number the St Paul's choir among many professional engagements. The sound is shaped with infinite patience by the organist, Christopher Dearnley, and his deputy, sub-organist and choir-master John Scott, coaxing perfection with the aid of a pitch-pipe and a great deal of time.

Music at St Paul's spans at least 800 years. The earliest written records speak of a choir school there in the 12th century, serving the Gothic cathedral, England's longest and one of Europe's largest, that predated Wren's present-day phoenix of the Great Fire.

There were periods when its music almost died. In the early 19th

century, an era of decline for the Church of England, the choir school was reduced to barely a dozen boys. Today it thrives on a roll of 38, aged from eight to 13, and all but the eight youngest probationers sing mightily for their supper and their preparatory education.

Christmas is the busiest time of their school year, reaching a crescendo when other children are already home for the holidays. For them the season begins in early December with a carol service on Advent Sunday, when the cathedral's two Christmas trees traditionally given by the Queen are lit. It proceeds through an evening performance of *Messiah*, with soloists and

full orchestra, on the second Tuesday of the month, and reaches its peak with two carol services immediately before Christmas, which always include several lesser-known pieces requiring much rehearsal.

They play consistently to a packed house, with a seated congregation of 2,600 and a further 1,000 jostling for standing room, including those blind spots where the acoustics are less than perfect. So many people used to be turned away from the traditional Christmas Eve afternoon carol service that an additional service is now performed on the preceding Saturday afternoon.

Even then the boys are not finished. On Christmas Day they per-

form at the three services of matins, communion and evensong with two anthems—a tradition maintained since 1660—with a break for Christmas dinner in school, before their parents can finally collect them in the late afternoon to begin a belated three-week holiday.

They do not seem to mind. For one thing, academic schoolwork is gradually wound down to be replaced by musical rehearsal. And there are the treats. "We do a lot of interesting things to take our minds off the work, like the pantomime or going backstage at the National Theatre," Christopher Jennings, aged 13, from High Wycombe, reported to me.

Their enthusiasm for the Christmas music is infectious, and each has his favourite piece. "I like the Mozart Coronation Mass we do on Christmas morning," said Nicholas Hunt, aged 13, from Ipswich. Master Jennings preferred the Sweelink anthem "Hodie Christus Natus Est" sung at last year's Christmas Day evensong.

Enthusiasm and an ability for self-projection are prerequisites if would-be choristers are to succeed at one of the thrice-yearly voice trials, at which some 50 applicants each year are whittled down to fill the seven or eight places available. Evidence of high standards hangs on a school corridor wall: a gold disc for

100,000 sales of the choir's LP *Rejoice*.

You can make a good chorister from a fairly ordinary voice, but he needs a first-class ear," claims Derek Sutton, the headmaster and himself a one-time boy chorister at York Minster. "But we also look for sparkle and personality—the ability to give a performance." Boys are expected already to be learning an instrument, to show that they can read music.

Once they are admitted, music becomes an integral part of their everyday lives. They are up at seven, creating a fearsome dawn chorus as they practise their instruments before breakfast, and they are in choir rehearsal for the first

The potent
appeal of the human
voice in the brief
and perfect purity of youth.



» hour of the school day. The end of lessons signals another half-hour's rehearsal in the cathedral before their daily participation in four o'clock evensong, in addition to three services every Sunday.

In some respects St Paul's is like any other preparatory school, and tries hard to achieve good academic standards; the headmaster, the first non-cleric to hold the post, believes that the discipline required for choral performance carries into other areas of the boys' lives. In other respects the school is entirely different. It is tiny, housed in modern buildings of 1967 vintage at the eastern end of the cathedral precincts, and its small number pre-

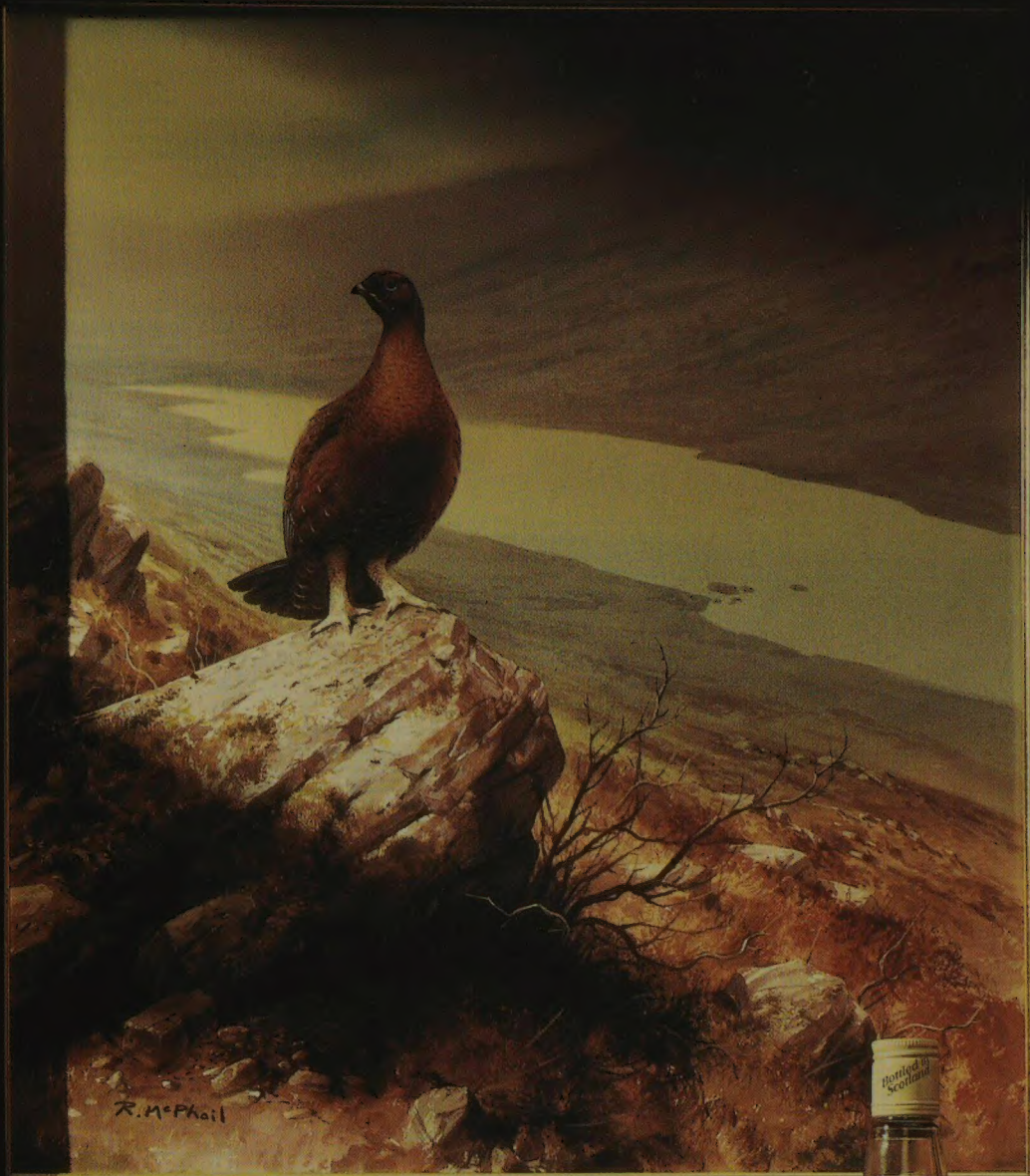
serves an intimacy that approaches a family atmosphere. But the playground is only a tiny yard, and the weekly games period entails a long bus journey to a field in south London.

It is, however, the music that dominates, not only at Christmas but at Easter and at the highly popular July Masses performed in the cathedral. The vergers who shepherd the crowds boast that people will drive past 20 churches on their way to attend a service in St Paul's. The pull may be the grandeur of the setting, or its comforting anonymity, but it must also be the potent appeal of the human voice in the brief and perfect purity of youth ○

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Illustrated London News has commissioned a new carol from the English composer David Matthews. Called "The Rose Carol", it is a setting of medieval verse slightly adapted from a translation by Brian Stone. Words and music are published overleaf.

The carol will be given its first performance at the Advent Carol Service in Ely Cathedral at 6.30pm on November 30. In September this year the cathedral launched a national appeal for £4 million to pay for essential major repairs and restoration work needed to keep the cathedral standing.



THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE



Quality in an age of change.

THE ROSE CAROL

Quietly flowing
Refrain

David Matthews

Descant
(meets
1st time)

Of a Rose, a love-ly Rose, Of a Rose is all my song.

Of a Rose, a love-ly Rose, Of a Rose is all my song.

Verse

1. The an-gel came from heaven's tower To honour Ma-ry in her tower, And

said that she shoud bear the flower To break the De-vil's chain of woes.

repeat Refrain

Descant

4. O let us then with honour pray To her who is our help and stay, And

4. O let us then with honour pray To her who is our help and stay, And

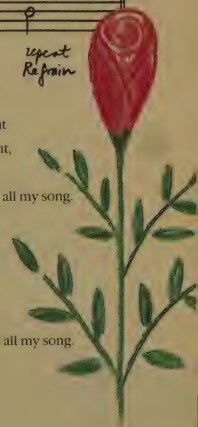
turns us from the Devil's way. From her that ho-ly bloom a-rose.

turns us from the Devil's way. From her that ho-ly bloom a-rose.

Of a Rose, a lovely Rose, Of a Rose is all my song.

repeat
Refrain

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The angel came from heaven's tower
To honour Mary in her bower,
And said that she should bear the flower
To break the Devil's chain of woes.
Of a Rose, a lovely Rose, Of a Rose is all my song. | 3. The rose's stem is full of might,
That sprouted on the Christmas night
When star of Bethlehem shone bright,
For far and wide its lustre shows.
Of a Rose, a lovely Rose, Of a Rose is all my song. |
| 2. In Bethlehem that flower was seen,
A lovely blossom bright of sheen.
The rose is Mary, heaven's Queen;
Out of her womb that blossom rose.
Of a rose, a lovely Rose, Of a Rose is all my song. | 4. O let us then with honour pray
To her who is our help and stay,
And turns us from the Devil's way.
From her that holy bloom arose.
Of a Rose, a lovely Rose, Of a Rose is all my song. |






Why not?

Lanson



A photograph of a Lapp in traditional red and black clothing standing in a field of reindeer antlers. The Lapp is wearing a red hat and a red vest over a black shirt. They are surrounded by a dense field of reindeer antlers, which are covered in snow. The background shows a snowy landscape with evergreen trees.

WHY THE LAPPS NEED REINDEER

*Finnmark's Lapps depend on reindeer to keep their lives alive.
Bryan and Cherry Alexander depict the problem.*

alive.

A Lapp father and son, right. Opposite, a rest for man and machine during the spring migration in Norwegian Lapland, when Lapp herders and their families move reindeer from the tundra to the richer coastal pastures. Overleaf, a Lapp herder uses bessian to round up reindeer.





Reports that Santa Claus will be unable to make his Christmas deliveries because his reindeer have been condemned are fortunately incorrect. In spite of widespread contamination of the reindeers' grazing grounds after the Chernobyl disaster, which spread caesium 137 and 134 over the pastures in North Trondelag, South Nordland and much of Swedish Lapland, the Lapp strongholds of Troms and Finnmark (Norwegian Lapland) appear to have escaped contamination.

In the contaminated areas, veterinary checks have revealed concentrations of caesium 137 more than 30 times the permitted level in the bloodstream of reindeer, resulting from their diet of Reindeer Moss lichen. Unlike rooted plants, this lichen takes its moisture from the atmosphere and scientists believe that it may remain contaminated for over a decade. The Norwegian areas of Finnmark and Troms received little rain in May, and initial tests suggest they have been very lucky.

In Norway the law dictates that reindeer herding can be carried out only by Lapps. The association between Lapps and reindeer is ancient. The reindeer was one of the first animals to inhabit northern Scandinavia at the end of the Ice Age, 10,000 years ago. When the Lapps arrived they exploited the animal as an important source of food and clothing. Initially they hunted wild reindeer and probably tamed some as decoys and transport animals. By

the Middle Ages Lapp groups combined hunting wild reindeer with herding domesticated animals. Since the 17th century, herding has gradually replaced hunting.

Today Lapland encompasses northern areas of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the extreme north-western part of the Soviet Union. But only in Norwegian Lapland do Lapps still lead a semi-nomadic existence, often migrating several hundred kilometres with their herds.

Between 5 and 10 per cent of Norway's Lapp population of 30,000 nowadays depend on reindeer herding. It is a big operation, with some 450 families tending upwards of 170,000 reindeer in an area the size of Denmark. Each spring, herds and herders move to the coastal peninsulas and islands. In the autumn they travel back deep into the tundra where they spend the winter. These arduous bi-annual treks are of benefit to both reindeer and herders, since at their winter pastures the reindeer live almost entirely on a diet of lichen, which is rich in carbohydrate. Lichen can sustain reindeer, and they can even grow fat on the diet, but they need protein for growth and they get this from the green pastures by the coast. The winter pastures of the slow-growing lichen benefit from the absence of herds.

Until the 1960s reindeer herding in Finnmark was largely subsistence pastoralism. Since then there have been radical changes. A deal made

between the herders and the government-run Reindeer Herders' Administration, whereby herders benefit from direct and indirect subsidies at an average £7,000 a herder each year, is one of the main factors that has transformed reindeer herding into an attractive financial proposition.

The majority of reindeer herds-men now have comfortable modern houses in or around the towns of Kautokeino and Karasjok, the two strongholds of Lapp culture in Finnmark. The larger herd owners can live very well indeed. For example, a man who owns 2,000 reindeer could enjoy an annual income of £30,000. At the wedding of a Kautokeino couple, both from wealthy herding families, I counted five Mercedes cars outside the church. At the other end of the scale, a man with only 350 reindeer would be scratching to make a living.

Before the radioactivity a reindeer carcass was worth around £100. An increase in production over the past five years has resulted in a surplus, and work has been done to expand the export markets. There is now a demand for the strongly flavoured meat in the USA, West Germany and Japan.

The Kautokeino Lapps now fear that, no matter how often they quote the results of the government's radiation tests, it might take years for the reindeer meat market to recover from the stigma of Chernobyl.

Initially the plan in the contami-

nated areas was to dig 10-foot-deep pits, slaughter complete herds and bury them. Now that the panic has subsided a plan has evolved that will keep the infrastructure of the industry (and the culture) alive. The herding will continue as before, with the same 15 to 30 per cent of the herd being slaughtered each spring and autumn, but until the meat is once again safe for human consumption, it will be sold to fox and mink fur farmers for animal foods. In some parts of Norway reindeer meat with levels of 40,000 becquerels of caesium 137 per kilo has been found, 66 times the 600bq safety level set by the Norwegian government. Norway could be the only country producing fur coats that glow in the dark.

Reindeer herding in Finnmark plays two roles. First, it "carries" the Lapp culture. A quarter of the Lapp language is reindeer related. If reindeer herding ceased, there is little doubt that the Lapp culture would die out, as it has in Finnmark's coastal areas. Its second role is meat production, at which it is less efficient. Reindeer meat is the most expensively produced meat in Norway. An increase in production over the past five years has resulted in a surplus, much of which has to be sold off at well under production cost. Even so, reindeer meat in Norway represents only 1 per cent of the meat consumed there, equivalent to one meal of reindeer meat a year per person. Most of Finnmark's meat originates from its two reindeer slaughter- ➤➤





→ houses, at Karasjok in the east and Kautokeino in the west.

The main improvements in reindeer herding in Norway over the past 20 years have been in mechanization. The introduction of snowmobiles, motor boats, three-wheelers, cars, aeroplanes and even helicopters has made access to the reindeer herds easier. Most herders now have comfortable huts out at their pastures with television and mobile telephones and so on, while others commute daily by snowmobile. All these types of "improvements" have made life easier for the herders, but harder for the animals.

Reindeer have always been prone to adverse weather conditions affecting their food supply. A brief thaw in mid-winter which then freezes again, covering the lichen with a sheet of ice, can have devastating consequences. It is ironic that although for the past 15 years the climate for the reindeer in Finnmark has been ideal, the condition of the animals has gradually deteriorated.

Alarming reports of substantial reindeer deaths and migration routes strewn with the carcasses of dead animals are becoming more and more frequent. The main reason is simple: there are far too many reindeer in Finnmark for the grazing area



available. Many animals become emaciated and the effects of parasites in overcrowded pastures are acute.

The warble fly has always been one of the major parasites of reindeer in Lapland. Although there have been a number of effective insecticides available over the past 15 to 20 years, Norway has never introduced a widespread programme to combat these flies.

The American pharmaceutical company Merck, Sharp & Dohme has

marketed the drug Ivomec since 1979 and this one preparation controls virtually all parasites found in reindeer. Widely used in other countries with reindeer (in Finland its use is compulsory by law), Ivomec is not yet available in Norway, as it is still being "tested". However, veterinary surgeons to whom I spoke in Finnmark doubted whether the drug would be very widely used even when available because of its cost.

The current difficulties with emaciation and parasites among Finn-

mark's reindeer has had a dramatic effect on the standard of the meat. The slaughterhouse at Kautokeino has a reputation for producing dry and generally poor quality meat. Part of the problem there is that the slaughterhouse is owned by a co-operative of herders who not only set the price for their meat but have devised no effective system of grading it. So a herder receives around £3 per kilo of meat irrespective of whether the animal was in good condition or badly emaciated.



A Lapp and his herd trail across the snowy wastes during the spring migration, above left. At night they keep warm around fires in their traditional tents, left.



Most herdsmen make a good living and have comfortable homes—and cars—to return to after their arduous treks. Above, herders with a lassooed reindeer.

Kari Hawkins, who works in Kau-tokeino's slaughterhouse, told me, "When I first started work here six years ago, we would find at least some animals with fat on them. Now, practically every animal is half starved." Her views are shared by a veterinary surgeon who is responsible for inspecting meat at the slaughterhouse: "The weight and the amount of fat on the animals has been steadily decreasing. Many calves are in extremely poor condition through lack of food." Statistics

support this view: the average weight of an 18-month-old male reindeer in Finnmark, 26 to 27 kilos, is equal to that of an animal of only six months from other herding districts in Norway.

"Because many of the animals are emaciated and killed in a condition of stress," the vet explained, "they have lost their energy reserves and the pH value of the meat won't drop after death, something which is essential for both food taste and preservation of meat."

The use of snowmobiles has speeded-up the migrations. Some herds are driven too fast, particularly on the autumn migration; this results in weight loss and causes stress. The vet expressed concern over the effects of stress on reindeer: "last autumn I made a random inspection of 10 per cent of the carcasses slaughtered from one herd; 70 per cent of these animals had 'fresh' stomach ulcers."

What can be done to improve the plight of Finnmark's reindeer? The

answers seem clear, but implementing them would be more difficult. First, an effective programme is needed to treat parasites. Second, the use in herding of snowmobiles and other forms of motorized transport should be limited. Finally, and most important of all, the number of animals must be reduced. By how much? That is difficult to answer, since nobody knows how many reindeer there are in Finnmark. The Reindeer Herders' Administration has published a figure of 145,546, but admit this is between 20 and 50 per cent too low, maybe even more. They base their figures on information supplied by the herders, who until 1985 were taxed on both the reindeer they slaughtered and their live animals. Like most people, Lapps do not like paying taxes, so many concealed the true number of reindeer they owned. These reindeer have become known as "hidden herds".

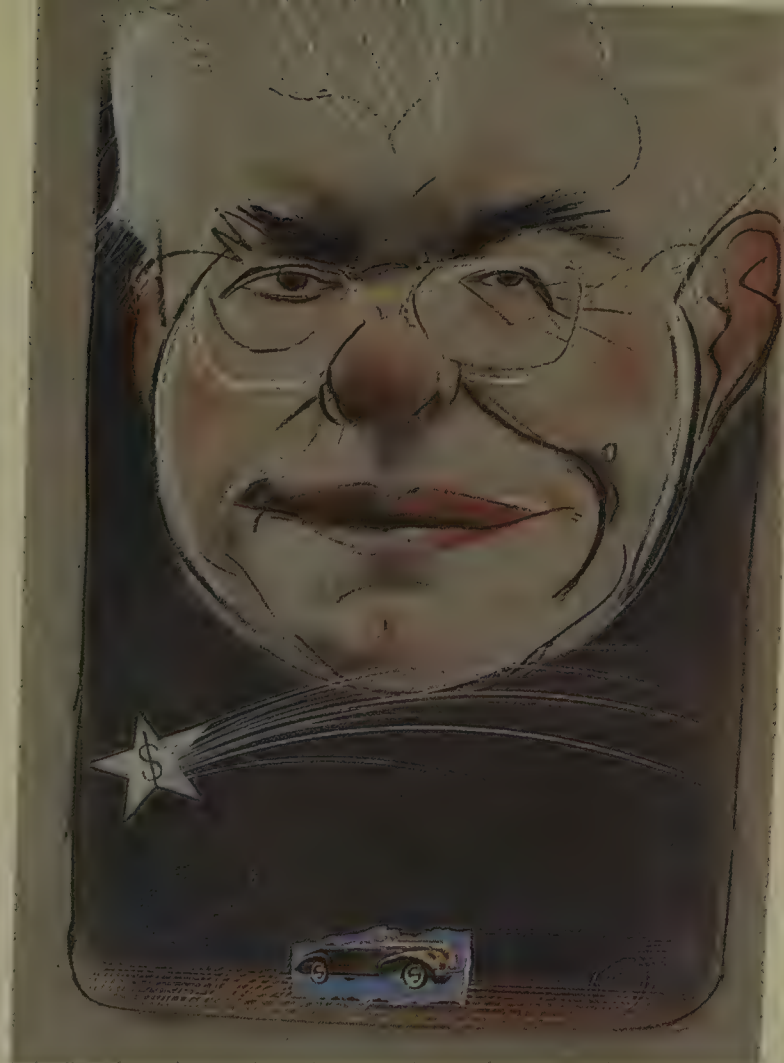
While most herders will admit in private that there are too many reindeer, they seem reluctant to do anything about it. "If I reduce the number of reindeer I own," one herder told me, "others will exploit this and increase theirs." "Better the crows get the reindeer, than the government in taxes," another Kau-tokeino Lapp commented. ○



LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE HEART DISEASE Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

CHRISTMAS PAST

The Illustrated London News invited a number of eminent people to contribute their accounts of a particularly memorable Christmas. All have generously given their fees to the Save the Children Fund.



BARBARA CARTLAND

An awakening to the spiritual reality of Christmas

It is often forgotten, in the excitement of a holiday and present giving, that Christmas is a religious festival. My own most vivid memories of Christmas are of walking through the snow when it was still dark to attend Holy Communion at our village church, which at that time was Tewkesbury Abbey. I can never forget the feeling of sanctuary as one entered the huge building. The aisle with its great round Norman pillars was in darkness, and the light was concentrated on the altar at the east end. It was then, I think, that I felt an awakening to the spiritual reality of Christmas which has been unforgettable.

For every woman, Christmas brings something very special when she has children of her own because she identifies herself with Mary and the Baby Jesus. I think that of all the wonder which comes to women at some time in their lives, the most poignant, the most moving is when a mother holds her own baby for the first time. All this comes back at Christmastime to make mothers feel that Christmas has a very special message for families.

Over the years I have evolved a Christmas routine which, because it is traditional, becomes dearer to us year by year. We have, of course, a Christmas tree, and I so much prefer a natural green one. Our presents are all arranged on the same chairs year after year, in the drawing room. At dinner we have speeches from the youngest to the oldest, a sing-song from Granny's young day to modern pop-songs, and poems. These are very special private poems written only for the family, with family jokes and family teasing which everyone enjoys! Then it is "Auld Lang Syne", and off to bed.

I think after that the mother of every family says a prayer not only in gratitude for the past year, but for the coming one, that her family will not only keep the unity and love which has been theirs at Christmas, but also that they will, all of them, have happiness and good health.

Illustrations by David Hughes

SIR FRED HOYLE

There were three mule-drivers at dinner that night

My most unusual Christmas evening was spent trying to win money from three Arizona mule-drivers in a card game I had never played before, nor have played since.

I had been invited to spend January to March, 1953 at the California Institute of Technology, followed by April to June at Princeton University. My lectures at Cambridge finished in early December, permitting me to fly to the United States almost a month ahead of the first of these commitments. The planes were wartime Constellations, with a fair carrying capacity but only a short range, so that from London to New York there were stops at Prestwick, Reykjavik in Iceland, Gander in Newfoundland and Boston, USA.

Allowing for travelling to and

from airports, which was a slow business in those days, it took more than 40 hours from my home in a village 10 miles south of Cambridge to the Nassau Tavern in Princeton. I thought the journey remarkably fast compared with the 10 days of zig-zagging by boat across the Atlantic in 1944, on the occasion of my first visit to the United States.

In Princeton I bought a second-hand Chevrolet and set off into the blue to drive to California. After the six years of comprehensible privation of the Second World War, followed by the six years of incomprehensible privation of the drab 1945-51 period, driving across the United States made you understand what freedom really meant.

I reached the Painted Desert in Arizona on December 23, and the South Rim of the Grand Canyon on December 24, at first

with the intention of passing Christmas Day quietly there at the El Tover hotel. Then I spotted a notice which said you could spend the night at the bottom of the Canyon at a place called Phantom Ranch, for about \$15, which seemed a mighty lot.

Even so, opportunity clearly beckoned, and on Christmas morning, 1952, I set off in shoes, in snow, down the Grand Canyon. It was 5000 or 6000 feet down to the fast-moving Colorado River, then about a mile along the river, then over a bridge, then another mile to Phantom Ranch.

There were three mule-drivers at dinner that night, and me. Nothing would suit them but that after dinner I should join them at cards, because their favourite game needed four players. There was a payout after each deal; almost always two

would win and two would lose. Since I found it impossible to learn from explanations what the game was about, all I could do was to play it and learn from my mistakes.

For quite a while I was among the losing pair, well on the way to doubling the \$15 cost of the trip. Gradually, however, I began to win, and eventually by the late hours I emerged a little in the black. But to my annoyance there was one of the three I could never beat. His name, somewhat inevitably, was Slim.

The following day I walked up out of the Canyon by an alternative trail, finishing off what was left of my shoes. My winnings about paid for a new pair, but compared with my blunt-toed English shoes I never thought much of that fancy, narrow-pointed American pair, though I had got them for nothing.

JOHN BLASHFORD-SNELL

By Christmas Eve, we were almost out of rations

Some years ago we were invited to spend Christmas in the mountainous kingdom of Nepal, attempting to navigate the little known Trisuli River and photographing rare wild life in the Chitwan Valley. On arrival in Kathmandu our first task was to assemble our Avon inflatable craft and recruit a small crew to augment my clutch of Blashford-Snells.

The Trisuli in December was dangerously low and fast and, motoring from Kathmandu, we glimpsed the first stretch of rapids and planned a route ahead. A youthful understanding quickly grew between Emma and Victoria and the hillside children who had gathered to watch the scene. We launched the Avon and proceeded cautiously down river. The scenery was magnificent and the rapids sporting, but not dangerous.

However, after a few miles we heard the warning boom of bigger water and pulled in for a foot recce. The river narrowed and was suddenly whipped into a frenzy of white water. I decided that the girls should walk round while we negotiated it. Shortly after they had left the boat, we spun out of control, but fortunately a stopper wave crashed and steadied us. We pulled into the bank; the girls boarded again. The rapids got steadily worse as we moved downstream and occasionally we saw bloated bodies, the results of ritual burials, floating past.

The sun had left the steep-sided valley by mid afternoon, and there was a chill in the air as we pulled into a sandy beach for the night. On the second day the rapids were too bad for the girls to continue, so they returned to Kathmandu by road and flew down to spend Christmas at Tiger Tops.

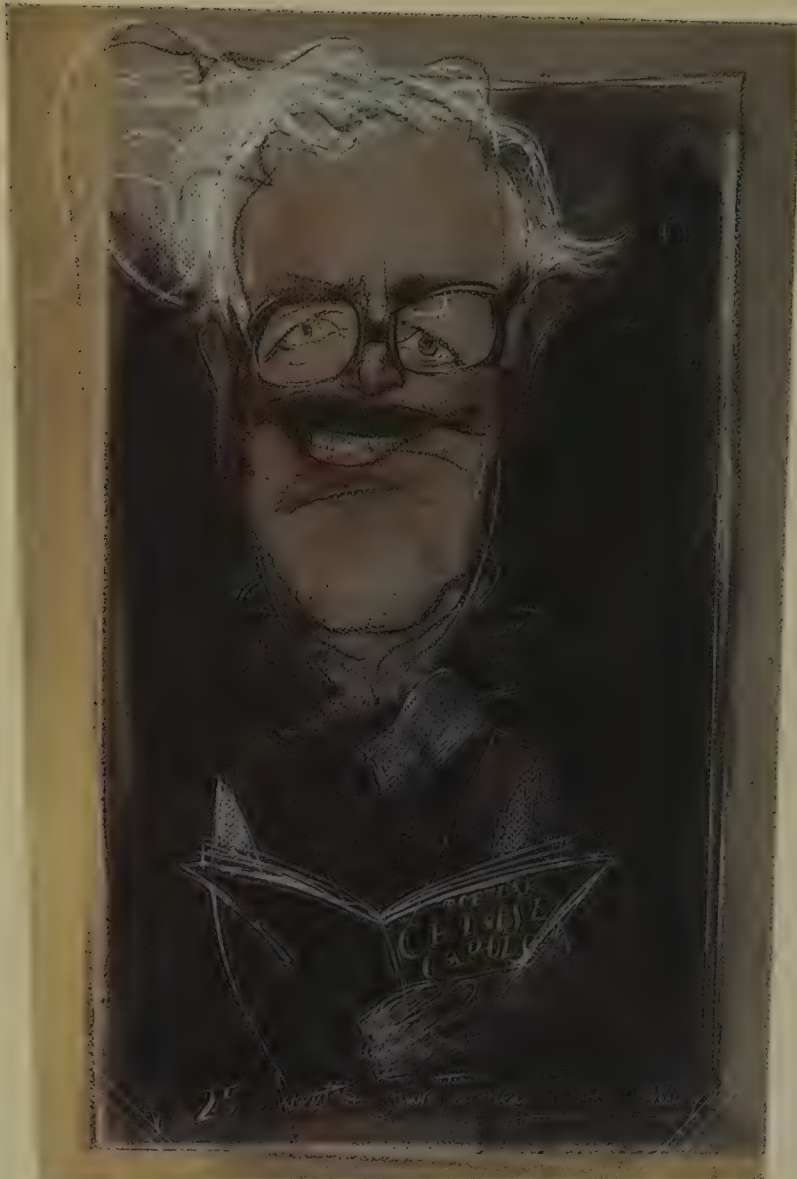
As we continued, the severity of the river conditions necessitated portage and warping from time to time. In one rapid we were swept up against a vertical wall of black rock and held there by force of water. As we tried to shoot through some foaming shallows there was a shriek of complaining fabric when we struck yet another boulder and jammed.

The journey was taking twice as long as I had expected, and by Christmas Eve we were almost out of rations. It looked as though our festive lunch would consist of a bottle of rum and six glucose biscuits. While we were contemplating this miserable repast, three Gurung shepherds appeared from the hills with a bowl of cooked rice and some hot vegetable sauce. They were quite ignorant of the significance of shepherds arriving on Christmas Eve!



I SAW THREE SLIPS

Trishford



DOUGLAS HURD, MP

No Chinese priest dared to
celebrate communion

Peking in 1955 was very different from today—a great city which still had walls and towering gates, through which soft-footed camels passed at night carrying coal from the hills. A secretive city, made up of thousands of courtyards with grey blank walls facing the lanes. A city which for 15 years had hardly received foreign visitors, and in which a tiny diplomatic community struggled to increase its contacts and maintain its morale.

There were four of us youngish diplomats in the British Embassy, the others now being Her Majesty's Ambassadors in Djakarta, Peking and Paris. We lived, more splendidly than I have lived before or since, in the old compound in the Legation Quarter which the Boxers besieged. Our Christmas duties were clear from the start. We had to sing carols intensively; from many hours of practice that winter I retain a knowledge of the bass part of "The First Nowell".

On Christmas Eve we sang first to the children in our own compound, and then we wandered through the lanes to the Dutch, the Finns and the Swiss. We were received everywhere with punch as it was very cold. On Christmas Day no Chinese priest dared to celebrate Communion in our chapel in the compound, and we had to be content with a lay service and reheated carols.

Through the days of Christmas there was an immense and exhausting quantity of mutual entertainment within the tiny closed community. The four of us escaped momentarily to the Lama Temple in the north of the city. That temple had a flock of pigeons with whistles fastened to their breasts. They shrilled their way round and round, easy to see against the hard blue sky. Bells suspended from the curved golden roofs jangled aimlessly in the winter wind. Equally aimless seemed the chanting of the monks wrapped in yellow as the sun fell across their benches. Yet that hour in the Lama Temple is what I remember most clearly of Christmas, 1955.

JOHN WELLS

One wet night when the shops
were just closing

If I say I have reservations about the Message of Christmas, I ought to make it clear that I do not mean the Ancient Message: the idea of the power and intelligence that created the universe being made flesh and dwelling among us I have no reservations about at all. But I have definite reservations about the Modern Message, i.e. that any consumer who fails to match the officially projected image of affluent, lavish, extrovert family celebration must be a freak.

Perhaps the Christmas days I have spent at the Television Centre, watching reels of brown videotape turn in near-deserted control rooms, transmitting the pre-recorded Comfort and Joy under the dull eye of one engineer have made me cynical.

I was in Kensington High Street, one wet night when the shops were just closing; the crowds on the pavements, back-lit against the brilliance of Barkers' Christmas window displays, seemed more than usually driven by the collective hysteria of last-minute shopping, people pushing each other off the kerb as we waited for the traffic lights to change.

One old lady beside me was more eager than the rest, and nearly went under a double-decker bus as it roared past with its lit windows and chromium fittings and crowded platform a few inches from our faces. I looked at her, our eyes met, and I saw

an expression of terrible desperation. Perhaps she recognized a fellow-melancholic. "If only," she said, half to me and half to herself, "one could be sure that death would be instantaneous." The way she said it she might have been making a joke. I only wish I had thought of an answer.

SIR YEHUDI MENUHIN

So far, my greatest failure on stage

Although belonging to a Jewish family, already some 40 years ago in California the celebration of all children's Christmases at home had become sufficiently secularized or had sufficiently reverted to its pagan origins to encourage me to cast myself in the role of Father Christmas for the benefit of our angelically credulous offspring—in any case half-Christian by birth.

And so, the way to Hell being paved by good intentions, I flung myself into the requisite costume, proudly surveying the result in the mirror as what I took to be a totally plausible Santa Claus.

This being the confession of a disaster, the reader will immediately visualize the sequel. Instead of greeting my appearance with hushed wonder and great expectation, my horrid, prematurely observant and sophisticated children (aged four and five) yelled "It's Daddy" in unison, and thereby succeeded in presenting me with, so far, my greatest failure on stage. Thus unmasked so mercilessly I could but feel it was a fitting retribution to an unregenerate Semite.

SIR PETER MEDAWAR

Pudding sweetened mainly
with grated carrots

By the time one is as old as Father Christmas looks, memories of Christmas are as blurred as a photograph taken with trembling hands. Luckily, one particular wartime Christmas is preserved for me because someone took a snapshot of our family and friends.

It was taken outdoors, in a garden in Oxford, in bright sunlight. The group is standing against a wall overhung with bare branches. It must have been taken by my wife Jean, glad to be out in the garden after serving a turkey and plum pudding lunch—the pudding sweetened mainly with grated carrots. I am holding the baby, born in 1944, and the other two children are standing in front of my very tall Aunt Phyll—living with us while her husband was in captivity in Malaysia. She is clearly keeping the children in order, probably to stop them from sticking out their tongues at the camera.

Two New Zealand airmen, on leave, and in uniform, make up the rest of the party. They look shy but happy. I only hope they had had enough to eat. One of them inadvertently told me that his family got through a whole sheep in a week at home. We didn't grudge them, though the meat ration was then 2oz a week for each of us. They were away from home because they were helping us to win the war, were nice guests and helped make this Christmas a good one to remember.



Famous for fine Jewellery
and an incomparable service



Member of
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF GOLDSMITHS



Member of
THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS
ASSOCIATION

Richard Ogden

International Jeweller

28 & 29 Burlington Arcade Piccadilly London W1
Telephones: 01 493 9136/7 & 6239

On request: Wedding Ring Leaflet free.
Complete Ring Brochure £1 – refundable with purchase.

PLAY THE GAME

BY GYLES BRANDRETH

When they played Musical Chairs at Osborne House, Queen Victoria was amused. The rules of the game were simple—they still are. There is one chair fewer than the numbers of players. While the music plays, the players dance around the room. When the music stops, each player attempts to find a seat. The player who fails to find an empty chair to sit upon, drops out of the game. With each round a chair is removed, until there are just two players whirling round and round a single chair.

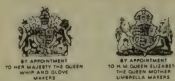
When the music stops for the last time the player whose rump hits the chair first wins the game. It's simple, it's innocent, it's fun. No wonder Queen Victoria loved it.

Her Imperial Majesty is supposed to have presided over the Golden Age of the Parlour Game, though many of the most popular "Victorian" games actually pre-date her reign by a century and more. The first Elizabethans had their own version of Musical Chairs, and Blind Man's Buff is pre-Christian in its ori-

gins. To play the game today you blindfold one player, who rushes about the room trying to catch hold of one of the sighted players who dodge out of the way. When the blindfolded player catches a victim he has to try to identify him. If he succeeds, the two change places. In its origins the game is connected with the early rites of human sacrifice and dates back to the time of the blind god Odin, the chief deity of Norse mythology. Through the centuries it has been known



Musical
Chairs: an enduring, royal
favourite. Illustration
from *The Illustrated*
London News Christmas
Number, 1895.



Swaine Adeney
185/186 Piccadilly
London W1



From the house of
the finest handmade
leather goods
available

**AN INTRODUCTION
TO THE
SWAINE ADENEY
GIFT VOUCHER**

The Ideal
Christmas present

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
sporting and country ware
whips-crops-saddles-bridles
polo equipment
leather stationery goods

"Brigg" the world's finest
umbrella
business cases-luggage
handbags
clocks-watches-cuff links

The "Piccadilly" Gun Room
Westley Richard's guns, rifles
and all items for the
shooting person

Also a wide range of
quality objects
from £1 to £4,000

**Please Telephone
01-734-4277**

⇒ as Billie Blind, Hoodle-cum-Blind and Blind Harrie, and it is entertaining despite its history.

Some games, such as blind Man's Buff and Grandmother's Footsteps (which originally involved children daring one another to run up and hit an old lady on the back without her catching sight of them), spring from cruel beginnings, but most seem to be a mark of civilization. The 18th-century German poet Schiller took time off from "Wilhelm Tell" to observe: "Man plays only when in the full meaning of the word he is a man, and he is completely a man only when he plays."

Someone who was without doubt completely a man (and civilized, too), was Samuel Pepys, who thoroughly approved of playing games. Three hundred years ago he noted in his diary, "From thence to the Hague, again playing at Crambo in the waggon." Crambo is still played, though nowadays it is known as Dumb-Crambo and is usually played as a team game. While one team is out of the room, the other chooses a word. When the outsiders return they are told a word which rhymes with the chosen one. They have to guess the chosen word and mime an illustration of it.

A game which pre-dates Pepys, but which he never records having had the good fortune to play, is Postman's Knock, a party game that is at least as historic as the first postman (1529). One of the male players waits outside the room while the others give themselves numbers.

Women take odd numbers, men take even. The outsider knocks on the door.

"Who's there?" chorus the players. "It's the postman," replies the outsider, "and I have something here for Number Three" (or any other odd number).

Number Three has to leave the room and the postman has the privilege of giving her a kiss. The pair return and another player—a female this time—becomes the outsider. New numbers are chosen and the process is repeated.

If Postman's Knock seems to be too childishly innocent a game for sophisticated adults to play in the age of the kissogram, you can explore the raunchier delights of two popular party games of the 1980s: Under the Blanket, and Ankles.

Under the Blanket is definitely for adults only, and can be played only once in an evening. One of the party is invited to sit cross-legged in the centre of the room and has a large blanket placed over him or her. The other players sit around the shrouded figure in the middle and each one in turn says, "You have something on you I would like. Please pass it to me." The blanketed person has to pass out whatever he or she thinks may be wanted—a shoe, a sock, a watch, an ear-ring. If the correct item is passed out the game is over. If not, the next player in the circle says, "You have something on you I would like. Please pass it to me." The process continues,



with the hapless figure underneath the blanket passing out items after item either until totally naked (as the other players hope) or until it becomes obvious that the item wanted is the blanket itself.

Under the Blanket is not a nice game, but Ankles is. It's a bit daring, but it is still a family game and, like all the best parlour games, is enjoyed at different levels by players of different ages. The players divide into teams, and while one team leaves the room the members of the other team remove their shoes and socks and stockings and tights. With naked feet they lie on the floor in a straight line

and cover themselves from head to ankle with a large blanket. The members of the other team return, inspect the feet on display, and guess whose belong to whom. When they've done their guessing the teams change places.

Though Ankles is not a game you could have played in polite society a century ago, the Victorians did not eschew all games that involved close physical contact. They pioneered Sardines, after all, a classic game that works really well only if you have a large house party and a large house. All the guests wait in one room while one couple hide. The others



The Parrots
Catalogue
shows around
600 ideas
to choose from
gathered from
all around
the world.

If something is
original, witty
or simply fun
you'll find it
in our catalogue.

We have
presents from
the stocking
filler upwards:
for everyone
from the old to
the very young –
even for the
person who is
impossible to
buy for.

The Parrots Catalogue
is available for
£1.30 post free.

PARROTS PRESENTS LTD.
32-34 GORDON ROAD, 80 RD.
PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS,
LONDON NW5.



**People who
know about
The
Hamper People
of Norfolk
really know a
thing or two**

*We create superb wicker
hampers of the finest foods
and expertly selected wines
and spirits for people who
appreciate the good things.*

*All carefully chosen to
please the people you care
about.*

*There are some 160
delightful gift ideas, from
the eminently affordable to
the kind you really can't
afford if you need to ask.
So if you are searching for
ideas that reflect your
values and your pocket,
do send for our catalogue
and enjoy the experience.*



*From amongst
our delightful
selection of
personal gifts,
pink cham-
pagne and
candy trees.*

**The
HAMPER
PEOPLE**

of Norfolk

32 Norwich Rd. Strumpshaw
Norfolk NR13 4AG
Tel: (0603) 713937/715123

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE PICTURE LIBRARY



Plenty of
puff required for a Victorian
Cigarette Duel: the one
who blows it off the table wins.

→ set out in pairs at four-minute intervals, and the first to locate the hidden couple must join them. As each succeeding pair discovers the hideaway, they, too, must join the occupants—but silently. The game ends only when all the players are huddled together cosily in one place.

Sadly most contemporary homes have neither the size nor number of rooms that made rambling Victorian country manors the perfect setting for party games. After a hard day's huntin', shootin' or fishin', the company would recharge themselves with a huge tea, then assemble in one of the downstairs living rooms and play games—word games in the library, card games in the billiards room, play-acting games in the drawing-room—until it was time to change for dinner.

In its way it was an idyllic existence, but difficult to re-create in a flat in north London or a suburban semi. There is one game, however, that perfectly evokes this golden age yet can be played in almost any setting: Murder in the dark. It is not a game for those with weak hearts and nervous dispositions. As many folded slips of paper as there are players are dropped into a hat—preferably a silk top hat, it sets the tone. All but two of the slips are blank; on one there is a cross, on the other a circle. Each player is invited to pick a slip of paper out of the hat. The player who draws the cross is the Murderer and gives no sign. The player who gets the circle is the Detective and declares himself.

All the lights are turned off, and all the players (except the Detective, who is probably adjusting his deerstalker) spread around the bed-sit, flat, house or palace. The Murderer creeps through the gloom until he finds his chosen victim. The Murderer seizes the victim by the neck and whispers, "You're dead!", the victim screams and falls down and the Murderer slips stealthily away.

Alerted by the scream the Detec-

tive pockets his pipe and magnifying glass and rushes to the scene of the crime, switching on the lights as he goes. Everyone except the Murderer and the Detective must remain motionless from the moment the scream sounds. After viewing the body, the Detective notes the position of the various suspects and then gathers them together round the corpse for questioning. Each player must answer truthfully, except the Murderer who can lie as much as he likes until he is asked, "Are you the Murderer?" when he must give himself up.

If there are 10 or more players, the Detective can have three guesses at the Murderer's identity. If there are fewer than 10, he gets only two. If the Detective fails to unmask the guilty party, the criminal proudly announces himself and the Detective is dismissed from the CID and demoted to Traffic Control.

One of the curious phenomena of the television age is that while families once played parlour games themselves, now they watch other people playing them. The BBC's *Call My Bluff* is based on an Edwardian favourite, the Dictionary Game. ITV's *Give Us A Clue* has its origin in Charades, a game that gets its name from the Spanish *charrada* (meaning the chatter of clowns) and has been played in various forms in Britain at least since the 1780s. No doubt watching people having fun is fun, but it is not so much fun as having fun yourself. At least my favourite, Apple Ducking, has not yet been turned into a television series.

Like all the best parlour games, it is absurdly simple—and simply absurd. You set apples bobbing in a washing-up bowl and attempt to remove them with your mouth without losing either your teeth or your dignity. King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, played the game but he had his apples bobbing in an ice-bucket filled with champagne. And, yes, Queen Victoria *was* amused ○



BELLS. A LONG-ESTABLISHED TRADITION AT CHRISTMAS.



A SHORT WALK

IN NEPAL

Hilary Rubinstein camps in the Himalayas

*We were a
nicely mixed
bunch and
ranged in
age from
22 to 72.*



My wife and I had talked desultorily for several years about trekking in the Himalayas, then, suddenly, it became clear that 1985 was to be the year. It was our 30th wedding anniversary, and walking in the world's highest and most spectacular mountain range seemed a suitably exhilarating way of celebrating the event. We decided on a 10-day trek through the foothills of the Annapurna mountains in central Nepal.

We wanted to form our own party and not take pot-luck with an organized group. Ten is said to be an ideal number for a trek, and with a bit of telephoning around we were able to muster this quorum. We were a nicely mixed bunch by way of occupation and interests, and ranged in age from 22 to 72. Our septuagenarian certainly did not hold us back. He, and his wife in her late 60s, had been walking and climbing all their lives, were indefatigably robust and maintained a steady pace at the head of the pack while the rest of us meandered and paused and panted behind them.

We left England just after Christmas, not the most popular season for trekking, but there is a lot to be said for the turn of the year: the nights may be cold, but the days are usually

warm and sunny and the air clear, and the trails are not too crowded. We had put our affairs in the hands of Mountain Travel, one of the oldest trekking companies in Kathmandu, who had the reputation of being extra-dependable even if a bit more expensive.

At first we were embarrassed to discover that our small band was to be accompanied by up to 25 porters (we shed porters daily as we ate our way through the supplies), half-a-dozen sherpas and a sirdar or head sherpa to keep everyone on the right tracks. Plenty of people backpack through the Himalayas without benefit of porters or guides, staying at tea-houses along the route. But most of us reckoned that we were past the backpacking stage, and we had asked Mountain Travel to select one of the new, more off-the-beaten-track trails where there would be no alternative to camping.

We started our trek from Gorkha, a five-hour drive from Kathmandu, once the royal seat of Nepal and a name hallowed in British military history as the traditional home of Gurkhas. Waiting for us by the roadhead was our sirdar, Sherap, our cook, the well-named Karma, five other jolly sherpas and our 25 sinewy porters—

including, one bare-footed young woman who stoically carried the statutory 25-30 kilo load along with the rest. Our first day was to have been an easy three-hour afternoon walk downhill, but Gorkha has a semi-named royal palace perched on a dizzy eyrie high above the town, and inevitably one member of the party declared that it would be a frightful shame to miss the opportunity of inspecting the site. With a certain amount of shuffling of feet, the rest of us decided that perhaps we should go along, too. So we went up a thousand or more steep steps and down we came; the "relaxed" introduction to the pleasures of trekking registered itself as a short, sharp shock to the muscles of our calves.

It was almost dark when we reached our first camp; our tents were up, our foam mattresses and sleeping-bags—sheets, too—were all in place, together with our personal baggage, all carried by the porters. Here was the other face of trekking with Mountain Travel: the walking might be rigorous, but the camping was as sybaritic as camping can be and very different from what most of us remembered from our youth. We dined in a large tent, by the light of a Tilley lamp, seated on film directors'

chairs. Dinner was a three-course affair, often with chicken bought that day on the trail as the main course—not exactly tender but certainly fresh. One night we had the cook's *chef d'oeuvre*, a specially baked birthday cake, known among sherpas as a Kumbu Icefall Cake—a dense unleavened dry affair, relatively tractable when baptized with the local rum.

We were called each day at 6.30am with tea and washing water, and were at breakfast by 7am, with our daypacks ready, while the sherpas broke camp and dispatched the porters. Some days were more taxing than others, easy ridge walks alternating with energetic switchback ascents and descents. On our fifth day we rose 3,000 feet to our highest camp at 6,500 feet, Ghan Pokhara, with the most awe-inspiring backdrop of great peaks. The splendid scenery was by way of being a bonus: the main pleasure derived from the encounters we had along the way.

There is a lot of coming and going on these hill trails, and everyone we passed was as curious about us as we were about them. Children constantly swarmed around us, determined to show off their English. Schooling varied considerably from one village to another. In the remote areas, children would walk or climb two hours to reach their schoolhouse, with a similar trek back in the afternoons, and books and writing materials were in desperately short supply.

Some evenings we were flaked out by the time dinner was over, and could not wait to collapse into our sleeping bags (trekking is great for asomniaes). Other nights, enlivened by duty-free Scotch, we engaged in spirited Highland reels by the light of a full moon far brighter in the mountain air than the moon we are used to at home. One of our sherpas had a mouth-organ and was able to provide an all-purpose melody for "Strip the Willow" and "Dashing White Sergeant". The sherpas were quick to learn the routines, and whooped and whirled with the best of us; indeed they brought a lot more gusto to the exercise than most of our party, exhausted by our exertions and encumbered by our thick down jackets.

On the sixth day we rested—or some of us did. The more energetic used the day off to climb farther up to the snowline. On the seventh day

there was a punishing sheer descent of 4,000 feet, mostly by rough steps—an ordeal for those who found their knees painfully swollen by the time we reached lunchstop. I was comfortable enough in the downhill stretches, but had trouble with the long, steep ascents.

The penultimate day was the most strenuous. Our sirdar offered an easier route following the course of a river upstream, but we all chose the high road—a swift ascent of 3,000 feet, and then a long trail across a range of hills, mostly climbing but with many sudden dips, like a giant roller-coaster. We started promptly at 8am, stopped briefly for lunch, and staggered to the camp site nine or 10 hours later, exhausted but exhilarated by the stupendous views in all directions—noble snow-capped peaks to the east and layer upon layer of great peaks to the west.

We all reported heavy dreams. Somewhere near the end of our trek I found myself dreaming that I was having lunch at a Viennese *konditorei* and gorging myself on chocolate pastries and whipped cream. My unconscious self was clearly telling me how much it missed my normal intake of cholesterol. On the conscious level I recorded an unusual glow of well-being and also noted with pride that my belt had had to be taken in a notch or two. But I confess that



*Everyone
we passed
was as
curious about
us as we were
about them.*

my hedonistic side reasserted itself swiftly on our return to Kathmandu. I was not sorry to exchange the austerity and discomfort of tent life (even in the luxurious Mountain Travel version) for a four-star hotel with hot running water, a bath, clean clothes and drinking water that did not taste like bottled smoke.

How to get there: the arrangements were made by Explorasia Ltd (13 Chapter St, London SW1P 1NY; tel: 01-630 7102) in association with Tiger Tops Mountain Travel of Kathmandu. A similar trip, including travel from London, would cost from £1,300 per person depending on the size of the group. Further information available from the Department of Tourism, HM Government of Nepal, Kathmandu, Nepal.

*One of the
porters was
a young
woman who
stoically
carried her
load along
with the
rest.*



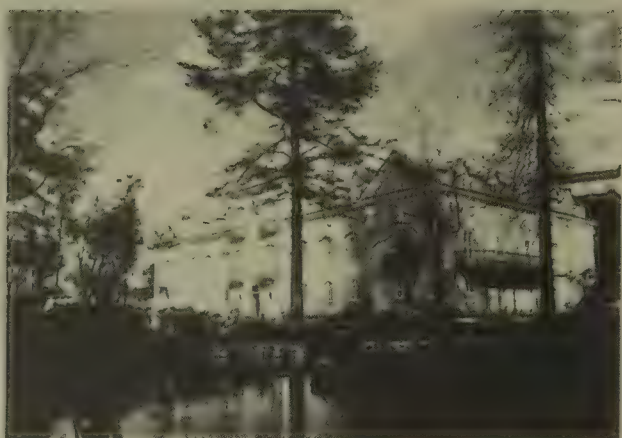


TIFFANY CHOKER, BRACELET
AND EARCLIPS OF BLACK JADE
AND MOTHER OF PEARL INLAID
IN EIGHTEEN CARAT GOLD.

TIFFANY & CO.
25 OLD BOND ST., LONDON W.1.
TELEPHONE: 409 2790

WHO WILL INHERIT YOUR TIFFANY JEWELS?

PORTUGAL



AGUEDA, NEAR COIMBRA. This beautiful palace has been carefully restored and extended and will be opening in March 1987 as a first-class hotel of 55 individually-designed bedrooms (each with bathroom) and magnificent reception areas. In addition, an extension providing a further 45 bedrooms, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a discotheque will all be set in the mature and landscaped grounds. **A 30% share is offered to an investor at £1,800,000 or an outright sale would be considered.**



ESTORIL. Standing proudly on the clifftop and enjoying marvellous coastal views is this pink and white palace which, although generally in good structural and decorative order, now needs to be redeveloped for a commercial use although an imaginative architect could create some wonderful apartments. The covered area is about 3,500 sq.m. and the accommodation presently provides an entrance hall and five reception rooms, three suites, seven bedrooms, six bathrooms and two guest toilets. In the service wing there are a further six bedrooms, two bathrooms and the kitchen plus a gatekeepers cottage. The grounds are relatively small in comparison to the size of the property and provide terraces with statues, lawns and other gardens.

Price 1,500,000 U.S. dollars.

THESE ARE THREE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING INVESTMENT PROPERTIES WHICH WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER AT THIS PRESENT TIME. PLEASE CONTACT US FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

SOLE SELLING AGENTS

9 Heath Street, London NW3 6TP Telephone 01-435 2299 Telex 25480 EQUES G.

GEORGE KNIGHT
— Overseas —



CENTRAL PORTUGAL. This fairytale castle was once the hunting lodge of one of Portugal's oldest aristocratic families. The present owner carried out considerable improvements some 20 years ago so that the accommodation is now arranged as: a grand foyer leading to a double-volume salon with music gallery, library, dining room, kitchen and servery on the ground floor while, on the first floor, are two self-contained suites of sitting room, bedroom and bathroom. On the second floor are five bedrooms, four bathrooms and staff quarters. The castle stands in magnificent grounds of 55 hectares, part of which has been landscaped as gardens with ornamental lake, swimming pool, skeet shoot and ancient trees while the rest of the land is cultivated as a working farm. Other buildings include a chapel, a huge winery, garages with accommodation above and about a dozen cottages and farm buildings. The castle is to be sold with its contents which include some 70 oil paintings, antique furnishings, rare porcelain and Persian carpets.

Price: 7,500,000 Swiss Francs



The Virgin with a Rosary,
by Bartolomé Murillo
(1617-82); Musée Goya,
Castres: "The blend of
piety, charm and
ordinariness is difficult to
achieve."

IMAGES

WHICH REFLECT THEIR TIMES

*Michael Levey shows how four versions of the Madonna and Child theme
illumine the eras in which they were painted.*



The Madonna of the Meadow,
by Giovanni Bellini (c1430-1516),
National Gallery, London:
"For all its serenity, there are
touches of premonition."

The image of a mother with her baby is one so widely disseminated and so deeply established—so natural, it might be felt, regardless of religious connotation—that it comes as quite a shock to realize that it had no dominant, universal appeal before the arrival of Christianity.

Earlier images can certainly be found, as, for instance, Egyptian ones of Isis nursing her son Horus, but they remain sporadic. Classical Greek mythology, like its art, litera-

ture and possibly life, fostered no cult of mothers and young children. Marvellously moving though the passage of the *Iliad* is when Hector bids farewell to his vividly characterized wife and baby son, it is perhaps untypical of Greek ideals generally. Neither in Greece nor Rome did most women—and still less children—have any strong place in the culture.

Christianity created the cult of mother and child. It gave the combination its own particular flavour by the fact that the mother was human, though holy and a virgin, while her child was male and divine. That was

the essence of the image depicted down the centuries, requiring to be made visually explicit in a variety of ways, and it set up oscillations of awe and sanctity around the concept itself which were to continue, long after religious assent had weakened or vanished.

"Maternity" is a word evoking a host of images, descending from allegorical statues and paintings to advertisements for talcum powder. That the child should be a boy remains very much part of the bond and the appeal. Mother and son together pack a greater emotional punch than a woman with a daughter. A late master of the myth in secular form is J.M. Barrie, creator of the last eternal, ever-young and, as it were, virginal mother in the eponymous, aptly-named heroine of his play *Mary Rose*.

From Byzantine times onwards, the Church inculcated the message

of Mary as the Mother of God, and God the Infant she clasped, nursed, embraced or openly adored. The basic tenet did not itself change—it could only be accepted or rejected—but each age took its own way to illustrate that message. At one period society's view of women might colour the result. At another, the church brought a fresh emphasis in fresh circumstances. Artists might bring their own emphases to the theme; and though what was once a flood of images in serious art has today dwindled to a trickle, the subject has been treated by both Epstein and Henry Moore.

At the simplest level the task was to show a mother with her child. That at once separated the subject from the great supernatural events of the Gospels. Christ's ascension could scarcely be treated entirely naturally. At the same time there were mystic aspects of the subject of the Madonna and Child, so the story was no ordinary one. The helpless infant is really the supreme Creator, and his mother his creature ("daughter of your son", as Dante hails the Virgin in the last ecstatic canto of *la Divina Commedia*). How, any artist might ask himself, at any period, shall I convey that significance in what I depict?

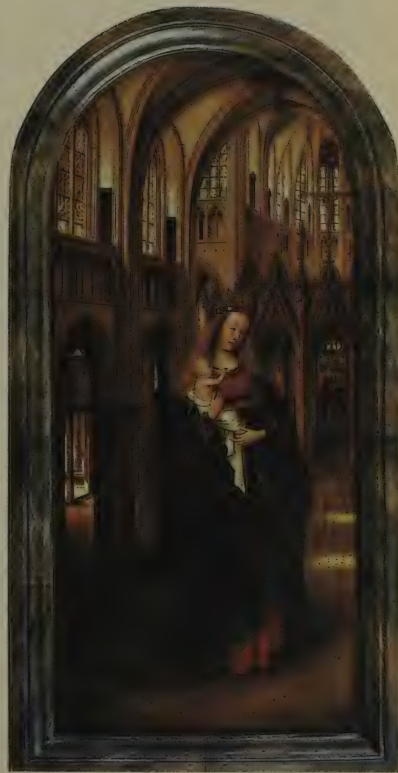
To demonstrate the answer needs a book, a very fully illustrated one. Selecting and glancing briefly at four images, different though they are, may be more provocative than stimulating, but it can nevertheless point to the richness, as well as the range, of images the subject inspired in the centuries up to 1700. No other Christian subject—not, above all, the Crucifixion—proved to possess such power.

It was, it seems, medieval Christianity which rather daringly made a woman out of earlier, hieratic images of the Madonna, making her a youthful, even playful mother who can smile as she dandles her son, and who has all the grace and comeliness of a heroine in medieval, chivalric romances. In these romances, knights devote their lives to the ladies, seeking from them favours of a non-spiritual kind. Secular feelings, as well as sacred, seem to have gone to produce the typical medieval Madonna, a "belle dame aveu merci", amiable and compassionate, offering an alternative to the stern male ethos of Christ and God the Father as judges.

In an age of great sculpture, with a fierce urge to create lifelike, often life-size figures, the theme of Madonna and Child was a perfect one. Metal, ivory, wood and stone are all utilized, and images must have been everywhere, from the carved ones towering on cathedral porches to the statuettes in private houses, bringing an air of charm and femininity in addition to serving piety.

The blend is present in a large-scale, wooden image, German work from early in the 14th century, set up in Cologne cathedral. French art and architecture in the so-called "Gothic" period have helped obscure for many people the achievements of other countries, notably Germany. Not so much ➤➤

The Virgin in the Church, by Jan van Eyck (early 15th century), Gemäldegalerie, Berlin: "A new art form has developed—the picture as a portable object. Van Eyck's small panel is not only portable but highly personal, intended for close perusal by its original owner."



HOW

HOW (of Edinburgh)
only address

28 ALBEMARLE STREET,
LONDON, W1X 3FA
Telephone: 01-408 1867



London 1713

MONTEITH

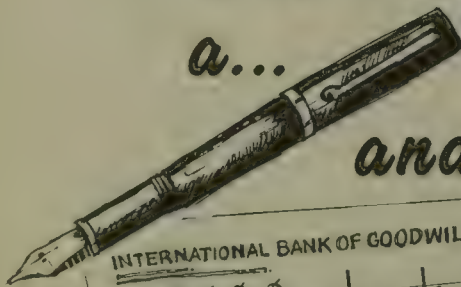
Weight 133 ozs.

By Edward Vincent

A drop of...

a...

and a...



01-23-45

INTERNATIONAL BANK OF GOODWILL UNLIMITED

Pay R.A.D.S.
for devoted services rendered
to deaf people

by order

A.N. OTHER

110001231 01-23-45 01234567

...can do so much

SO, PLEASE, NOW -

Remind your friends...

Remember us yourself...

Recommend us to your clients...

... Because the gift of a covenant, a donation, a legacy could make all the difference to our work and their lives.



THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION
IN AID OF THE DEAF AND DUMB
27 Old Oak Road, Acton, London W3 7HN

Registered Charity No. 207358

Working in Greater London, Essex, Kent and Surrey

radd

Founded in 1841

Patron HM The Queen

»→ Gothic as rococo is the extreme, almost rouged elegance and vivacity of this womanly Madonna, her body arched and her draperies caught up in one swinging, musical movement, as she engages in conversation with the Child she balances without difficulty, supporting him with a single fluid hand. His precocious solemnity makes her smile, even as she receives benediction from his tiny upraised fingers.

Human and divine are mingled without incongruity. The mood is too keen for sentimentality and too patently refined to be mistaken for the merely natural. Everything helps to indicate that this group is apart from ordinary beings. Essentially they provoke worship. Purists may deplore the fact that in that worship later additions and alterations have resulted in gilded, repainted drapery, tall spiky crowns and a sceptre, and the Virgin's circle of gilt wire stars. Yet these additions are strangely undisturbing. They heighten the apartness without damaging the humanity, underlining the role of the Virgin as not only a mother but a queen.

A hundred years on, and Jan van Eyck seems to be saying something similar, in another medium, in his Virgin and Child in a church. We are still in northern Europe, positively in the Netherlands, but a new art form has developed: the "picture" as a portable object, easily carried around or hung on the wall of a room. Van Eyck's small panel is not only portable but highly personal, intended not for public gaze but for close perusal by its original commissioner and owner.

Thanks to the painter's marvellous technique in handling oil paint (of which he was not the inventor but an innovatory manipulator), he is able to provide his figures with a setting of detailed, glowing, illusionistic conviction. No longer is it a matter of depicting just the two figures. Van Eyck locates them in a complete, northern interior, a contemporary church, realized down to the candle flames flickering on the shrine seen behind the Virgin. The final triumph is of much greater luminosity, the illumination of the interior with sunlight streaming through the windows, to fall in bright patches on the paved floor.

No doubt the light passing through the glass symbolizes the mystery of the virgin birth, just as the intricate, glittering crown of precious stones worn by the homely-featured Madonna symbol-

izes her heavenly status. But in Van Eyck's precise vision all mystery and symbolism are expressed in the strongest possible terms of solid, palpable-seeming reality. His imagination fastens on what can be seen, and then the adroitness of his eye and hand convey it to a few inches of wood, working over the surface until it is like a flawless mirror, enclosing in its small area a complete cosmos, reflecting the world we know.

As much is stated here about northern taste for "realism" as, in contrast, Bellini's *Madonna of the Meadow*, of about 70 years later, tells of southern goals. There is no lack of realism here, though it mingles with the ideal, with—almost literally—a longer view. This is a Mediterranean world, warm, pastoral and open-air, still haunted by classical memories. There the Madonna may nurse her child out-of-doors, no queen of heaven but seated humbly on the ground—as if, gipsy-like, she had paused on her wanderings, to pray over the weary, sleeping body of her infant son, naked and convincingly weighty, lying on her lap. There is no splendour here, except for nature's burgeoning splendour in spring time, in the austere beautiful Italian countryside.

For all its serenity, however, there are touches of premonition in the composition. A baleful, dark bird sits up in the branches of a still bare tree, and on the ground at the left a stork tussles with a snake. In the very sleep of the Child there is perhaps a hint of how he will one day lie similarly as an adult in his mother's lap, not asleep but dead. Bellini declines to be too explicit. Ultimately he seems to celebrate nature as friendly, enfolding its creator who will eventually rise from death, just as spring follows winter. Older Mediterranean ideas hover behind the images, of the cycle of nature and of pagan gods and goddesses of the fields, deepening the mood and investing the picture with subtle poignancy.

It will probably never be known for whom this profound fusion of figures and landscape was painted, but it is so personal that it should have been for the painter himself.

By the 17th century, after violent dissension, irrevocable breaks and some internal reform, the Roman Catholic church was seeking fresh ways to present established subjects and to stir the emotions of the faithful. It was less the grandeur and apartness of the Madonna that were to be emphasized than her humanity and her accessibility. Spain was the



The Milan Madonna (*unknown, early 14th century*), Cologne Cathedral:
*"Not so much Gothic as rococo
 is the rouged elegance of this
 womanly Madonna."*

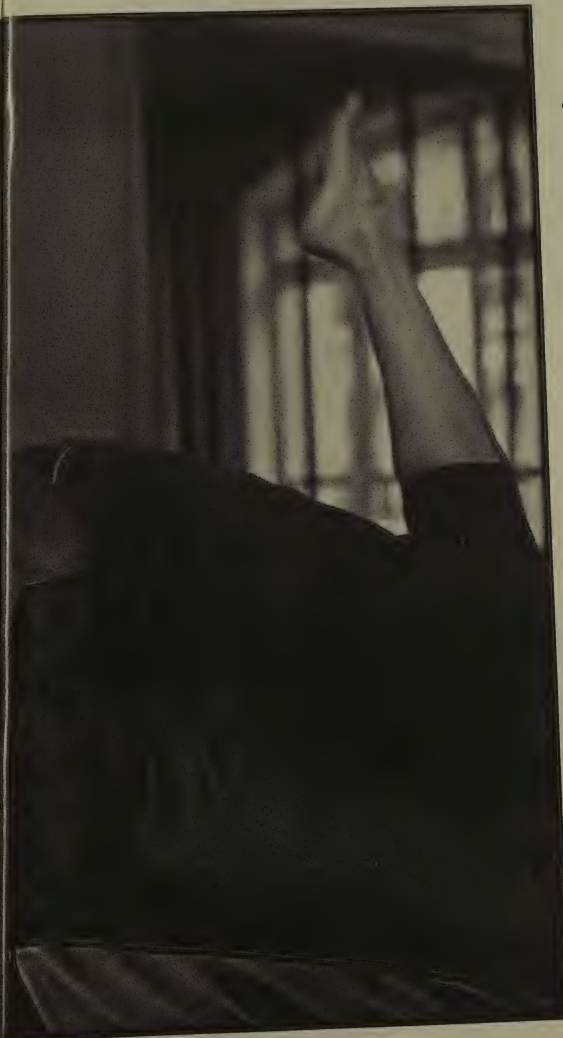
country which had remained the least disturbed by doctrinal disputes. There faith at its most fervent, yet without savagery, seems to bloom effortlessly in the art of Murillo. It is an art dyed by religion but tinged also with a distinct feeling for life at its most ordinary.

One result was his creation of a type of Madonna and Child who openly communicate with the spectator, assuming his presence and bidding him approach. Such a painting as this one is effectively an altarpiece, on a scale intended for a number of people to see. Simplicity, of an artful kind, has suppressed any setting so as to concentrate entirely on the two figures. And they are not only eloquent in themselves but eloquent of Murillo's Spain, Spanish in physiognomy and in touches of their costume (like the striped, blanket-style garment worn by the Madonna), suggestive of the local and the peasant. A great distance separates this gentle, humble pair from the crowned and gilded images in Cologne cathedral. Not smiling but pensive, almost troubled by her role, Murillo's Madonna half-shyly holds the Child's foot, as though to invite the spectator to come and kiss it. Where the natural is emphasized, the only sign of the Child's divinity is the faint shimmer behind his head.

The particular blend in Murillo's art of piety and charm and simple ordinariness is difficult to achieve, but he succeeds. He has created, without contrivance, what amounts to a fresh and personal vision of a subject long-established and grown nearly stale in art. His reward was a popularity which went on well after his death, and in countries, like Britain in the 19th century, which could not be accused of Mariolatry. Even now, his are probably among the images of Madonna and Child which many people would find most sympathetic and easy to appreciate—far more so than Raphael's. In fact, Murillo's are not only images persuasive and accessible but virtually the last in traditional art that can be called original ○

Sir Michael Levey is retiring at the end of this year as Director of the National Gallery.

"What about your bank manager?"
I gasped.



"I'm not in love with him,"
he replied.

Designed by Eric Smith, this pendant is set with a pear-shaped diamond of 1.25 carats and twenty marquise cut diamonds totalling 4.00 carats.

The quality and the value of every diamond is judged by the 4Cs (cut, colour, clarity and carat weight) but fine diamonds like these have a special fire and brilliance.

For more information on choosing diamonds and examples of the work of leading diamond designers, write to The Diamond Information Centre, Dept. 41, 11 Saffron Hill, London EC1.

A diamond is forever.

HUNKY'S VIEW OF CHRISTMAS

PAGAN ORIGINS

MOST PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES CELEBRATE MIDWINTER IN SOME WAY. CHRISTMAS IS LargELY THE RESULT OF INDIVIDUALLY ADAPTING ANCIENT PAGAN RITUALS TO FIT CHRISTIANITY.



ROMAN CHRISTMAS

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS DID NOT ALL CELEBRATE CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY ON THE SAME DAY (DECEMBER 25 WAS LESS COMMON THAN JANUARY 6 OR MARCH 25). HOWEVER, DECEMBER 25 WAS A ROMAN MYTHRAIC FESTIVAL CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF A SUN GOD. WHEN THE ROMANS WERE CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY IT WAS MORE ACCEPTABLE TO KEEP THE OLD FESTIVALS & REASSIGN THEM TO THE NEW RELIGION.



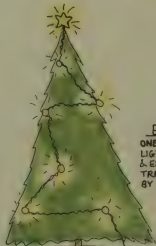
SUMMER CHRISTMAS

IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT CHRIST WAS BORN IN THE WINTER. SHEPHERDS WERE ENCOURAGED TO GRAZE THEIR SHEEP IN THE LATE SUMMER TO EAT THE STUBBLE OF CROPS & FERTILIZE THE FIELDS. HOWEVER, THEY WERE NOT ALLOWED IN THE FIELDS AFTER THE AUTUMN PLUGHING TO ENABLE THE REGION'S WINTER RAINS TO SOAK INTO THE HARDED GROUND.



ROYAL CHRISTMAS TREES

IN BRITAIN CHRISTMAS TREES BECAME POPULAR AMONG ROYALTY IN THE EARLY 17TH CENTURY. LONG BEFORE THE CUSTOM SPREAD TO THE GENERAL POPULACE, PRINCE ALBERT, OFTEN WRONGLY CREDITED FOR INTRODUCING THE TREE TO BRITAIN, DID, HOWEVER, DO MUCH TO MAKE THEM POPULAR IN THE 1840S.

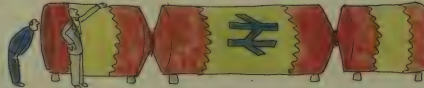


ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS TREES
ONE OF THE FIRST USES FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS (INVENTED BY EDISON IN 1879 & SOLD IN 1880) WAS FOR CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS. THEY WERE FIRST DEvised BY AN EMPLOYEE OF EDISON IN 1882.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

THE EARLIEST KNOWN ILLUSTRATION OF A CHRISTMAS CRACKER IS IN THE 1847 CHRISTMAS EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. THE BIGGEST CRACKER EVER WAS 12 METRES LONG & 28 METRES IN DIAMETER, BUILT FOR BRITISH RAIL AT HULL STATION IN 1980.

SUMMER CHRISTMAS TREES
THE CHRISTMAS TREE MAY HAVE ORIGINATED IN A 15th-CENTURY CUSTOM IN ALSACE FOR CUTTING & DECORATING TREES ON MAY DAY. DECORATED TREES AT CHRISTMAS ARE NOT KNOWN UNTIL THE 17th CENTURY.



ANCIENT BRITISH CHRISTMAS

IN BRITAIN, CHRISTMAS WAS A FESTIVAL LONG BEFORE THE CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY. THE FESTIVAL WAS CALLED MODRANICHT ('MOTHER'S NIGHT'). THE CELTS ALSO HAD A WINTER FESTIVAL CALLED 'JULIES OR GAULI', THE ORIGIN OF OUR WORD YULE & THE YULE LOG.



ASTRONOMER'S CHRISTMAS

THE STAR SEEN BY THE WISE MEN APPEARED TWICE & THIS FITS THE PATTERN OF A COMET. HALLEY'S COMET PASSED IN 1066. SOME ASTRONOMERS CONTEND THAT THE WISE MEN'S STAR WAS MORE PROBABLY A BRIGHT 'EXPLODING' STAR, RECORDED IN CHINA IN 520 BC. IT GLOWED FOR 70 DAYS.

SANTA CLAUS

ST NICHOLAS WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN TALL & THIN. DUTCH SETTLERS IN THE US CALLED HIM SINTER KLAAS (SANTA CLAUS) & CREATED A NEW FAT, JOOLY IMAGE, WEARING FURS, VERY MUCH LIKE A TYPICAL DUTCH SETTLER.



RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

COMMUNIST RUSSIA HAS ATTEMPTED TO SECULARIZE CHRISTMAS, CALLING IT THE FESTIVAL OF WINTER & REPLACING FATHER CHRISTMAS WITH GRANDFATHER Frost.



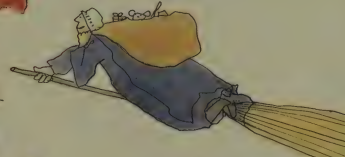
MISTLETOE

MISTLETOE (FROM THE LORD MISTLEMAN MEANING DIFFERENT THING) WAS SACRED TO THE DRUIDS & USED IN THEIR RITUALS. IT WAS NOT ADOPTED BY CHRISTIANS & IS STILL BANNED IN CHURCHES.



STRICT FATHER CHRISTMAS

IN GERMANY, FATHER CHRISTMAS IS THOUGHT TO CHECK UP ON CHILDREN'S BEHAVIOUR & LEAVE BUNDOLES OF ROGS INSTEAD OF PRESENTS AS UNWANNINGS TO NAUGHTY INDIVIDUALS. IN NORTHERN GERMANY HE IS CALLED RUPPCHT OR RU KLASS (ROUGH NICHOLAS) & WEARS SKINS OR STRAW.



LA BEFANA

IN ITALY STOCKINGS ARE NOT FILLED BY FATHER CHRISTMAS ON CHRISTMAS EVE BUT BY A BENEVOLENT WITCH CALLED LA BEFANA ON JANUARY 6. IN AN ATTEMPT TO CHRISTIANIZE HER IT IS SAID THAT SHE WAS A FRIEND OF THE THREE WISE MEN BUT MISSED GOING WITH THEM TO BETHLEHEM BECAUSE SHE WAS TOO BUSY CLEANING HER HOUSE.



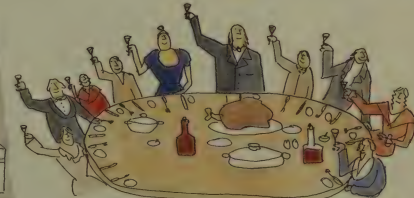
CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

ST NICHOLAS WAS BISHOP OF MYRA (NOW IN TURKEY) IN ABOUT AD 300. ONE OF HIS GOOD DEEDS IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN HELPING THREE SISTERS WHO COULD NOT BE MARRIED BECAUSE THEIR FATHER HAD NOT ENOUGH MONEY FOR DOWRIES. ONE VERSION OF THE STORY SAYS HE CLIMBED ON THEIR ROOF & DROPPED THREE BAGS OF GOLD DOWN THE CHIMNEY SO THAT THEY LOADED IN THE GIRLS' STOCKINGS (HUNG UP BY THE FIRE TO DRY). THIS IS POSSIBLY THE ORIGIN OF OUR CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.



GOOD

KING VENGESELAS
KING VENGESELAS, A CZECH KING WHO LIVED IN ABOUT AD 1000, IS USUALLY DEPICTED AS A KIND OLD MAN. BUT IN REALITY HE WAS MURDERED AGED 27.



SHOCKING

CHRISTMAS CARDS
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CARDS DATE FROM 1843 WHEN HENRY COLE (THE ORGANIZER OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851) COMMISSIONED A DRAWING OF A VICTORIAN FAMILY TOASTING THE RECIPIENT. A THOUSAND WERE PRINTED & THOSE NOT USED BY COLE WERE SOLD BY THE PRINTER AT 1 SHILLING EACH. THEY WERE DENOUNCED BY TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES FOR ENCOURAGING ALCOHOLISM.

POPULAR CHRISTMAS CARDS

MRS PRODUCTION OF CHRISTMAS CARDS STARTED IN 1862 & THEIR POPULARITY SPREAD RAPIDLY. BY 1880 THE POST OFFICE HAD ADOPTED ITS SLOGAN POST EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS.

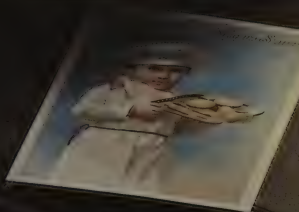




STYLING: JANE BISS

*...the best
terrine with good
grilled breast of
sauce
peanut*

IS GREETINGS
...is sharing love's close
and once again we hear
Christmas bells across the space
Feel out loud words of cheer
That bring sacred memories and true
And so fondly think of you



A BIT OF A FEAST

Is this the recipe for a perfect Christmas lunch? Overleaf, Frances Bissell describes the ingredients which include a liberal sprinkling of friends to share the cooking.

A BIT OF A FEAST

What are your ingredients in a perfect Christmas? Mine seem to be food, friends, family and tradition.

There have been the village Christmases of my childhood, soon after food rationing ended in England, when the favourite present to give and receive was "selection boxes" of all sort of chocolate bars.

There was the traditional French Christmas, which I spent once in Albi where I taught English for a year. There the chef, who was paid more than the principal, devised an exquisite meal for about 150 students and staff, starting with six oysters each on a bed of ice, then moving through lobster salad, to woodcock on croutons and on to a wonderful iced pudding. But somewhere in there he had slipped a local dish which is one of the least delicious I have ever tasted, pig's liver cooked with radishes. Not a happy introduction to *albigeoise* cuisine.

The most traditional Christmas I have ever spent, with carols, tree, church service, presents for everyone, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, the lot, was on an American Southern Baptist mission station in Nigeria in the mid 1960s. It was even more Christmassy, despite the 90°F temperature and equal humidity, than a Christmas spent in cold, snow-bound Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with my in-laws.

One perfect Pittsburgh ingredient I am trying to import into my domestic repertoire is my mother-in-law's nut rolls. These are truly brilliant. Shiny, plump, brown crescents of yeast pastry rolled around a moist fresh walnut filling. But she makes such huge quantities! She makes six or eight—and they weigh a good pound or so—and finally takes them out of the oven late on Christmas Eve. She would cover each with a clean towel and go to bed tired. During the night sons and father, variously and at different times, would creep downstairs, remove a nut roll and take it off to some safe hiding place to be sure of their share of the goodies. Sons were into their 30s before this ceased.

Last Christmas I managed to combine food, friends, family and tradition—and much more. It was tremendous fun: pastries by Claudia Roden, Christmas pudding by Anton Mosimann, menu drawn by Howard Hodgkin, and flowers by Julia Hodgkin. The whole event was masterminded by Paul Levy who, with his wife, Penny, invited us all to share their family Christmas if we would share the cooking.

We began to arrive at about midday. Paul, Penny, children and mothers-in-law were still opening presents. That was fun, with youngest daughter Georgia wanting to open everybody else's. A fire

blazed in the stone hearth of their old Oxfordshire farmhouse. We were allowed to sip a very grand bottle of champagne (Mumm's 1979 René Lalou) at a leisurely pace, but then it was off to the serious business in the kitchen. There seemed a great deal to do before we sat down at 4pm, which was the plan.

Perhaps I had better set down the menu so that we do not lose track.

The first shock was the pheasants.

<i>Fresh oysters</i>
<i>Turkey and scallop terrine with coral sauce</i>
<i>Grilled breast of pheasant</i>
<i>Wild rice</i>
<i>Brussels sprouts</i>
<i>Colston Bassett Stilton</i>
<i>Christmas pudding</i>
<i>Honey and almond pastries</i>
<i>Les quatre mendiants</i> (figs, almonds, raisins and filberts)

Paul must have been out to lunch when he ordered them: I haven't seen his collected essays [*Out to Lunch* (Chatto and Windus, £10.95)] so do not know if he has ever come clean over this. We were 16 for dinner—10 pheasants would have given us breasts and meat to spare. Paul dumped two very heavy boxes on the table and said, "Well, they've been jointed. Keep the breasts to one side, and bag up the legs to put in the freezer. We can put the carcasses into the pressure cooker and make stock." Fine, I thought, rolled up my sleeves, put on a pinafore and started to count off eight legs and sealed them into polythene bags. Eight more and then another four I thought. Wait a minute, I must have lost count. Start again. Eight. Eight. Eight more. Another eight! "Paul! Paul! I think you've got 20 pheasants here!" Sure enough, after I had bagged up 40 pheasant legs, we began to deal with the 20 carcasses. They made wonderful rich stock in which we cooked the wild rice, slowly in an earthenware casserole in the bottom of the Aga. Gosh, it smelt wonderful!

The next *big* decision was how to marinate the pheasants. Mandarin orange juice and walnut oil were one possibility, but we were not sure how well the orange flavour would go with the wine. In the end, pomegranates were the obvious choice. These were huge, with dark, sweet ruby-red seeds. I pressed these on a lemon squeezer and poured the vast amounts of juice over the pheasant breasts, with a good splash of hazelnut oil, plenty of garlic, herbs, onions, carrots and celery.

By then, Paul had organized Clau-



dia and her two daughters, Nadia and Anna, as the sprout-peeling team. Not only did they have to peel them but shred them too. What did Paul have in mind? Is there any way to make a Brussels sprout taste good? I think they should be banned.

Time was passing very pleasantly. To cook with my friends is one of my favourite occupations. This was a splendid place to cook—there was not only an Aga, but a large gas stove as well. And every useful tool and gadget imaginable. Paul even has kitchen knives to suit all hands. His is one of the few places where I never feel the need to take my own. Chilled sparkling wine helped the many willing workers, and we were clearly getting behind.

There was a sudden drama when we realized that no one had done anything about the oysters. Sprouts were left. Tom was dragged up from the wine cellar. All hands to the oysters. There were 100 of them. All the way from Dublin, nestling in seaweed. Armed with tea-towels wrapped around our left fists, grasping the sharp shells, Paul showed us how to drive the knife between the two halves on the oyster's "straight" side and prise it open, smelling it immediately to make sure it was not "off". An "off" oyster is unmistakable. We discarded one or two, but soon 16 plates of oysters were balanced on every available bit of space.

It was time to think about the pheasant once more. The grill was heated up and we decided that Paul should put the pheasant breasts on the grill as we sat down to the oysters. The marinade was strained into the stock and reduced fiercely to make a delicious, simple sauce.

I turned my attention to my own contribution, the turkey and scallop terrine. At this stage it simply needed slicing, one slice to be arranged on each plate, a little puddle of coral sauce poured round it and a branch of lightly pickled samphire artfully arranged to one side. It all sounds so simple. Terrines do. When will I learn not to offer to make one? It takes hours to force the mixture through a sieve and I always end up with a blister in the palm of my right hand from grasping the spoon so tightly. I suppose I should invest in a tamis and scraper.

And what of the sprouts? They were stir-fried in the wok with garlic

and ginger. I'm told they went very well with the pheasant and wild rice.

In the end, it was not too long after 4pm when we sat down to our Christmas dinner. Placement was strictly sit where you like, those involved in the cooking having first pick of the strategically placed seats. Course after course of exquisite food was effortlessly prepared and served; halfway through dinner someone remembered that the Christmas pudding should have been put on to steam "at least an hour ago". To the rescue came one of Paul's newer gadgets, a magical electric steamer which was to become quite indispensable in my kitchen, too. We slowed down a little and dawdled over the deliciously char-grilled, yet tender and moist pheasant. A very good choice for Christmas dinner, I thought. Easy to cook for large numbers, but it would also be grand enough to serve for a Christmas dinner *à deux*. The wine which stood out above all the others at this Christmas feast was the 1983 Château Coutet Dry.

Christmas crackers, hats and carols accompanied the traditional pudding and Christmas dessert; Claudia's delicate honey and almond pastry shaped like a giant Catherine wheel was irresistible with a fine cognac. We finally parted company, drifting off to bed under the eaves, or out into the cold, wet night at about 10pm after a blissful few hours of wonderful company, lots of laughter and good cheer, exquisite food and wines. Who said Christmas is only fun for children?

As I write, I'm already beginning to plan this Christmas. I have recently tasted two wines that I shall want to serve or be served. One is Geoff Merrill's 1983 Semillon from McLaren Vale south of Adelaide, which you can get from H. Allen Smith in London for a little under £8—expensive but it is a spectacular wine. Lemony, big, bold, assertive, yet incredibly subtle and complex. It will probably overpower whatever food I serve with it, but it will certainly be a talking point.

My second "must" is Andrew Quadey's 1984 Essensia Orange Muscat from California. I first tasted it with a sharply delicious lemon tart made by Deirdre Hyam. Then tasted it again at the Catey Awards dinner when it was served with a nutty concoction. I simply did not believe Michael Druiitt, who imports it, when he said it was the only sweet wine that goes with chocolate. And so I made a charlotte of white chocolate and plain chocolate and served it with the Essensia. A perfect marriage. That will be my Christmas pud this year. I think I shall try to make a nut roll to serve with the cheese.

Recipes on page 57.

CARNATION COLLECTION

Royal Doulton Fine Bone China Giftware



The Carnation Collection from Royal Doulton is a collection of decorative and functional gifts in perfect harmony with today's style of home decor.

The gift-boxed collection was inspired by Royal Doulton's highly acclaimed fine bone china tableware design 'Carnation'. Each gift idea is in fine bone china too, with practical pieces to add to table settings and decorative pieces to

brighten your home. When you choose fine bone china from Royal Doulton you have something rather special, use it around your home, it is one of the finer things in life.



Royal Doulton®

Royal Doulton Limited
Hobson Street, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent ST6 2AW.

You'll find our fine bone china in Lawleys shops, Royal Doulton Rooms and most good china specialists and department stores.

Are you making the right impression?



If you're reading this magazine, then no doubt you are; but it may be that your existing signet ring has seen better days or been lost fishing; that you'd like your son or daughter to start making the right impression; or that you'd simply like to ring the changes!

We design and make signet rings to order. Such a ring could be any shape, weight or size. It could be in 9ct or 18ct gold. Once made the ring can be seal-engraved to create the appropriate impression.

Please write or phone for our general catalogue with particular emphasis on signet rings.



Ruffs

ACCESSORIES

A BIT OF A FEAST

EDITH BISSELL'S NUT ROLL

1 sachet dried yeast
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (250ml) scalded milk
2 oz (50g) sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
4oz (100g) butter
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb (700g) flour, plus extra for kneading
For the filling
8oz (200g) freshly ground walnuts
2-4 oz (50-100g) sugar to taste
A little warm milk to mix

Sprinkle the yeast on to half a teaspoonful of the milk together with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of the sugar. Let the yeast work and it will rise to the top of the cup. Into a large bowl put the rest of the milk, the sugar and salt. Put the butter into the warm milk and let it melt. Add the yeast mixture and the beaten egg and mix well. Tip all the flour in and stir it vigorously, adding more flour until it is no longer sticky. Put on to a floured board and knead for five to 10 minutes, adding more flour if necessary, to obtain a firm but elastic dough. Put it into a large oiled basin or in a large polythene bag, cover and allow to rise for two hours in a warm place. Knock it back and allow the dough a second rising for half an hour.

Meanwhile prepare the filling by mixing the ground walnuts with the sugar and enough warm milk to make a spreadable paste.

Roll the dough out very thin, dividing it into two if you want two smaller rolls. It should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick when rolled out. Spread the filling over the surface and roll it loosely, bending it gently into a crescent shape.

Glaze the top with milk and egg and bake in a fairly hot oven, gas mark 5, 190°C, 375°F for 20 to 30 minutes, until well-risen, golden, and hollow-sounding when you tap the base. Brush a little melted butter over the top, then cover with a clean tea towel for five minutes. Remove the cloth and allow to cool completely before cutting.

PHEASANT BREASTS WITH POMEGRANATES

Serves four
4 trimmed pheasant breasts
2 pomegranates
1 carrot
1 stick of celery
1 onion, peeled and thinly sliced
black peppercorns
pink peppercorns (optional)
garlic (optional and to taste)
4 tbsps rich game stock

Place the breasts in a single layer in a shallow dish. Cut the pomegranates in half. Pick the seeds out of one half and keep these intact for decoration (about 1 dessertspoonful per plate).

Squeeze the rest on a lemon squeezer and strain the juice over the pheasant. Add the carrot, celery, onion, crushed peppercorns and garlic to the marinade. Stand for a few hours or overnight.

Remove the pheasant from the marinade which you strain into a small saucepan. Heat the grill and cook the pheasant under quite fierce heat, turning it over once, so that it is quite brown, but not burnt, on the outside and moist and juicy inside.

Keep the meat warm while you finish off the sauce by adding the same stock to the marinade and bubbling it until syrupy. Divide the sauce among four heated serving plates, place the pheasant breasts on top, scatter some pomegranate seeds over it and serve with a few steamed broccoli florets and a purée of celeriac, carrot, garlic and cardamom or wild rice, and, if you must, stir-fried Brussels sprouts.

TURKEY AND SCALLOP TERRINE WITH CORAL SAUCE

Makes a 1lb terrine. Serves four to eight

6 oz (150g) scallops with good coral
10 oz (250g) turkey breast meat
2 "fillets" removed from the breast
Turkey liver and heart
6 tbsps crème fraîche or double cream
1 egg
salt, pepper, nutmeg
1 heaped tbsp coriander or parsley finely chopped
Fresh tomato coulis
2 pieces crystallized ginger
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pt (125 ml) turkey stock
Clean the scallops, rinsing them free of any sand. Pat dry on kitchen paper. Remove the corals and put to one side. Cut the scallops into strips. Prepare the rest of the meat by trimming all the sinews from the breast, and the fillets and any fat or gristle from the giblets. Cut the heart and liver into strips, and set aside with the fillets. Chop the breast meat into 1 inch chunks and put in a food processor with a third of the cream, seasoning and egg. Process until smooth.

Lightly oil a 1 lb loaf tin and put in a third of the turkey mixture. Lay the turkey fillets on top towards the middle and cover with a little more of the farce. Press in strips of turkey liver and heart down the length of the terrine. Spread more farce over it, leaving one-third. Roll the scallops in the chopped coriander and make sure that they are completely covered with the herb. Lay the pieces of scallop on the terrine leaving about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch all the way round. Cover completely with the rest of

the turkey farce. Tap well down. Place in a roasting tin containing an inch or two of water and place in a pre-heated oven, gas mark 2-3 (150-170°C, 300-325°F) for one hour. Remove and allow to cool. Refrigerate until required, making sure that you allow it to come back to room temperature in time for serving. Few dishes are less appetizing than cold slabs of terrine straight from the fridge.

To serve, unmould on to a board and cut one slice per person, to be served on a medium-sized plate, not a huge dinner plate, surrounded by a little sauce. This is an extremely delicately flavoured terrine and I would not want to serve too assertive a sauce with it. I like to accompany this dish with a coral sauce or with an unusual tomato coulis. I take a small piece of crystallized ginger, chop it finely and add it to the lightly cooked tomatoes which I then blend and sieve. As a garnish I slice thinly and then cut into fine strips another piece of crystallized ginger and serve a little pile of this with each slice of terrine.

For the coral sauce, poach the corals very gently in the stock, allow to cool and blend with the rest of the cream and a little seasoning, and sieve.

FESTIVE BORTSCH AND PIROZSHKIS

Serves four to six

This is a good way of using up the pheasant legs.

1 tbsp olive oil
1 large onion, thinly sliced
1 carrot, thinly sliced
1 stick celery, thinly sliced
1 leek, thinly sliced
12oz (300g) beetroot, peeled and diced
12oz (300g) tomatoes or 1 tin peeled plum tomatoes, roughly chopped
3 cloves garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp dill seeds or dill weed
2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints (1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ litres) game stock, made by poaching the legs with the carcasses and other trimmings until just done. Remove the legs and continue cooking the carcass with vegetables until you have a good stock.
6 oz (150g) cooked pheasant
6 oz (150g) pastry, puff, flaky or shortcrust
1 tbsp sour cream

Heat the olive oil in a large saucepan and stir in the onion, carrot, celery and leek. Cook until lightly browned. Add the beetroot, tomatoes, crushed garlic and dill. Pour in the stock, bring to the boil and simmer gently for 40 minutes, or until the vegetables are soft.

Scoop out a few of the vegetables and process with the cooked meat to moisten and flavour it. Season if necessary.

Roll out the pastry and cut into rounds or squares. Place a teaspoon of the meat mixture in the centre. Moisten the edges of the pastry, fold over and seal. Brush with milk or melted butter, place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

Serve piping hot with the soup, which you can either serve as it is, vegetables and all, or you can strain it and serve as a clear soup. Either way, a spoonful of sour cream is quite a nice addition.

If it is strained and allowed to go cold, you can then remove any fat, add an ice cube or two and serve chilled bortsch.

My favourite drink with this is small chilled glasses of the best vodka.

CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE

Serves at least eight

1 packet good sponge fingers
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (60ml) brandy or rum, diluted with a little water or syrup
7-8 oz (175-200g) dark chocolate
7-8 oz (175-200g) white chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz (15g) butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (250 ml) double cream
4 gelatine leaves or 4 teaspoons powdered gelatine
4 tbsps water
2 egg yolks
3 egg whites

Dip the sponge fingers briefly in the brandy or rum and line a wetted soufflé or charlotte mould round the sides and the base. Break the chocolates into two separate saucepans and melt slowly the white with two tablespoons cream, the dark with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz butter. When each is melted and smooth remove from the heat. Soften the gelatine in the water, and then let it dissolve by heating gently.

Beat the egg yolks and strain it into the dark chocolate. Mix well. Whisk the rest of the cream until firm and mix two thirds of it with the cooled white chocolate, and one third with the dark chocolate. Whisk the egg whites. Divide the melted gelatine between each mixture and mix in thoroughly. Divide the whisked egg whites between the two mixtures and fold in gently.

Spoon half the white mixture into the charlotte and smooth over. Allow to set a little, and spoon the dark chocolate mixture over it, smooth over and allow to set (the setting can be done in the refrigerator or freezer) then finish with the last of the white chocolate mixture. When set, turn out on to a pretty pudding plate.



THE OLDER EVIL

A SHORT STORY BY BRIAN ALDISS

Norah said, "I don't really want to go this way." She pouted more heavily than before.

"Nearly there," Tom said.

They had turned off the main road and were driving slowly down a lane signposted "By-road". A second sign, older, more weathered, said "North Scarning Broad. Private". To their left curved a high brick wall, without gate or feature. To their right were hedges with starved winter fields beyond. No cattle moved in the fields. A speckled frost covered everything, and mist lay over the land. Temperatures had not risen above zero all day.

"The place is dead," Norah said, not without relish. She retreated a little into her coat and wrapped her arms about her body, although it was perfectly warm inside the car. "Can't we go back to Norwich?"

"It won't hurt just to have a look. Don't be silly."

She made no reply, which was her way of showing contempt for any man who thought her silly. Norah Utting was a lightly built woman in her 30s with dark hair and an air of wishing to be amused—which, in general, it was not difficult to do. Tom Bridges kept his gaze on the road ahead. Frosted panes of ice covered the ruts scored by a recent tractor. He slowed and dropped into second gear.

"I was 11 when I last came down this road," he remarked.

"Have you changed much?" Norah asked. He ignored the remark.

She switched on the radio and filled the BMW with drumming and shouting.

Where the lane took a turn to the right, an iron gate stood straight ahead of them. The gate had been fortified with boards and barbed wire. Tom stopped the car.

"Looks as if we can't get through to the broad."

"Good, let's go back. Wasn't the funeral enough for you?"

"I must see the old broad while we're here. It's only just beyond the gate. Are you coming?"

She shook her head. She was a pretty woman who liked to have her own way.

"I'll park the car under those trees, just in case of traffic."

She laughed. "Traffic? This place is like the realm of the dead."

The car rolled on to the crisp grass. Tom reversed it under a group of pines so that it faced back the way they had come.

"Don't be long, Tom. I don't fancy being stuck here on my own. It'll be getting dark in

another hour."

"You'll be OK. You can see the old house from here; look with reverence on my birthplace. I won't be long."

She turned up the radio as she watched him walk back to the gate, a tall figure in his black suit and coat. Beyond where the wall ended she could see the solid bulk of the house Tom had indicated, featureless against the heavy pallor of the sky. There was too much sky in Norfolk for her liking. As Tom disappeared, an upper window lit up in the house, like a small square eye observing her.

Tom Bridges's mood was resentful. He did not greatly enjoy this expedition, but Norah's opposition had kept him up to it. Like her, he wanted to get back to the comfortable hotel in Norwich, where they could meet up with some of the rest of the family, assembled for his grandmother's funeral, and have a drink and a little fun. Tomorrow it was back to work in London. Also, he did not greatly enjoy these trips to the past, which had contained more humiliation for him than he could admit to.

A plane roared low overhead, startling him. He shook a fist at it as it disappeared in the direction of the North Sea. In his boyhood the planes had been a source of pride and excitement; he had spent hours watching them take off and land on the local aerodrome; now, they signified only complex international politics which he did not understand.

It was easy to climb through the hedge by the old gate. Little weals of frost clung to his coat. His grandfather's house appeared quite close. His memory from childhood suggested that it was a long trudge away. Old outhouses which had stood here had collapsed and were now buried under a tumble of ivy and dead vegetation. The oaks he remembered were still standing. He walked under them, treading quietly, aware of the hush that possessed the world since the aircraft went over. It was remarkably still.

Everything had shrunk since childhood days. It proved to be no distance at all to the broad. The cart track leading to the little quay had dwindled. No vehicle had come this way in many years. He was confronted by a sign which told him that the broad was now the property of the local council, that it was dangerous, and that trespass was forbidden. Desolation prevailed. The notice had been defaced, the fence broken down. Fires had been started. Broken bottles and beer

cans lay about, painted a temporary white by frost.

Scarning Broad still retained a private face. *His* broad it had once been. Beautiful even in the depths of winter: still, calm, one of the last havens of that tranquillity of mind which is the monopoly of childhood. Open to the sky. Accessible, yet not exactly welcoming. Far out on the ice, where a slow current kept a stretch of water unfrozen, ducks were busy, secure from interference.

Almost despite himself, Tom felt contentment steal over him. He reminded himself to be happy. This was the scene which had contained eternal moments of delight. This was the place where he and his friend Ed used to swim with Daisy for hours at a stretch. This was the spot where he had fought Will Court all one summery afternoon—and won. So he told himself, kicking a can on to the ice, watching it slither.

He stood hunched in his black mourning coat, remembering, editing memories. He turned to look back at the old house, his grandfather's house—owned by the council now, of course—but it was hidden by a rise in the ground behind tall untidy hedges whiskered in white. For a long while, he stared at the hedges, fighting off the idea that evil could have an independent life, or rule in a hedgerow.

As the shadows lengthened during those bygone summer evenings, when elms still dominated the ripening landscape, and the moon, rising early, fragmented itself among their branches, Tom's mother would come from the house, walk through the vegetable garden, and call to him as she strolled down the lane. He would answer or not, as the fancy took him. Sometimes he would hide from her.

She would enter into the game, walking to the water's edge as if she were about to fall in, softly calling his name, letting her voice sink until it was no more than the distant coo of a dove. Then he would run out and capture her and lead her back to the house, past the great buddleia bushes which grew by the stables, a-flutter with butterflies almost until the moment the sun went down.

It was his grandfather's house. Grandfather was still active in those days. He helped Tom's father run the agricultural equipment business which he had started as a youth, the first man in all Broadland to sell tractors. He lived with grandmother on the first floor of the big house, over Tom's ➤➤➤

»→ parents, who had the ground floor.

Grandfather Bridges was an independent-minded man who preserved some of the old ways of the countryside, despite the innovations introduced by his company. He still walked 10 miles each Sunday, rain or shine, to see his widowed sister over in Coltishall. He kept his old shire horses in good pasturage long after his machines had rendered them unprofitable. And he resolutely refused to believe in the ghost, Old Court, which haunted his rambling house.

The other occupants of the house had every reason to believe in Old Court. Old Court's presence moved about the upper floors most nights, bringing with it a terrible sense of dread. Only Grandfather was immune. Small Tom slept with a night-light by his bed, but the flickering shadows the flame created were almost as intolerable as the darkness it was designed to fight. His life-long insomnia sprang from the time when he sat hunched up in his bed, staring about him, dreading Old Court's visitation.

Once dawn came, matters were better. Yet he could look out of his window at the garden and the meadow where the wild poppies bloomed red and imagine a kind of curse, as if the ghost ruled there too, spreading its disease over nature.

"Mummy, do we have to live here?" Tom asked his mother one breakfast, heavy-eyed.

"We're quite safe. Old Court keeps to the upper floors. Besides, why should he harm us? His wife was my friend, and I was good to her when they fell on hard times."

She understood his anxieties. The tale she told of Old Court was amplified as his understanding grew. The Court family had been wealthy landowners at the turn of the century. Both the house and North Scarning Broad were mere entries in their property ledger. Then the First World War had come—"The Great War", as men called it then. Old Gregory Court's two sons were both killed on the Western Front, one leaving behind a young family. Old Court never recovered from the loss of his sons. His fields fell derelict, he refused to adopt modern farming methods. Parcel by parcel, he sold off his land to meet his debts. One night he took his best shotgun up to the attic of the house and blew his brains out. Grandfather Bridges, who had been his chief rival, bought up the house and the broad for a song. There the Bridges children had been born, and their children after them.

North Scarning House had been a perfect if isolated place in which to grow up, apart from that frightening presence. Even into the 60s something of a Victorian peace had prevailed over this corner of the country. It had never been easily accessible. Many of the local people had never ventured as far as Norwich. Little traffic rumbled down its leafy lanes, and the grocery van still called once a week. Yet all the time there had been that awful manifestation, parading its distress in the upper floors of the house, wearing them down with its malignancy.

Finally, it had driven them away. The

family had broken up. The old days were finished and done. His mother could not take Old Court any more. Old Court had descended into her very kitchen one autumn afternoon, and she had run screaming into the lane.

Tom Bridges listened to her cries now. A sense of horror froze him. He hunched himself in his dark coat without turning round and listened to his name being called. His teeth ground together. His arms wrapped him round until his fingers dug into his ribs. He could feel the pens clipped to his breast pocket.

Some mute thing inside him said, "Have I never escaped from my childhood? Were all those adult years just a dream?"

"Tom!"

He turned. She appeared blurred by mist, by the blueness of the late afternoon, by the sombre uprights of the bare December trees behind her. It took a second to perceive that it was Norah Utting who ran towards him, not his mother.

She almost collided with him. "Oh, Tom, Tom, there was someone there. . . Oh, I'm so relieved."

He was almost as relieved as she was. Holding her tightly, he drew out of her an explanation. As she was sitting in the car, she became aware of someone approaching through the pines by the roadside. The figure came close to the car, waiting behind the nearest tree. It was impossible to see him clearly. But she had become frightened and finally, she said, "ran for her life".

"No, there was no one, Norah. Calm yourself. It was all just imagination. Who'd be about in the woods at this time of year, near North Scarning?"

"Murderers? Rapists? I didn't stay to find out. There are people in the old house. A light came on."

"Just council clerks. Come and walk here and calm down, then we'll go back to the car."

"I can't go back to the car."

He thought how his mother had said almost the same thing, all those years ago: "I can't go back into the house."

When he first heard her calling, he was riding round the field on Daisy. He slipped from Daisy's back and went to the lane reluctantly, mistrusting the panic in her voice. A cuckoo was calling serenely in Scarning Woods.

His mother stood by the lower garden gate, holding her hands together, her head slightly on one side in what was a typical attitude. Her hair was tied up in an old-fashioned bun and she was paler than usual.

Tom stopped, hating to have to confront whatever was troubling her. She came quickly towards him and put her arms round him, crushing him to her flowered brown dress.

"I'm never going back in there, never again," she kept saying. He tried to escape, but she held him tight, saying, "Oh, no, this time you don't slip out of your obligations. You stay here and comfort your mother as a

son should. I've had a nasty shock, a really nasty shock . . ."

They sat on the trunk of an old beech which had been felled in the spring. Although it was mid October the days were still warm and the leaves on the trees had not yet turned.

"I heard someone walking about upstairs, and there was no idea in my mind of Old Court. I thought by the heavy tread that your grandfather must have come in—without saying a word to me. As far as I knew, I was alone in the house. So I went to the back stairs and called up 'Who's there?' You know how it's rather dark on those stairs. And the footsteps came on to the upper landing and then started to descend . . ." In her terror at the retelling, Tom's mother clutched him close.

"Tom, I couldn't move. I couldn't move. The footsteps came down towards me, till they were on a level with my eyes. I could see nothing, but—oh, how I felt—frozen! Frozen all over. I made a run for it at last, into the kitchen. The cat went flying. I slammed the door, and just stood there against the table, quaking—I'd been making a sponge cake. And what do you think? *The door swung open.* Oh, then I knew a terrible thing was after me, to have me, and out I ran, into the open."

He was terrified by the look on her face, and screamed to her to tell him no more.

Taking better control of herself, his mother said, "Now listen, for I may never be able to say this to you again. We're not a communicative family. There's evil in every one of us, which we have to fight. Evil and fear. They're related, though I don't know how. The most innocent-seeming thing can turn to fear and evil. Why the universe is made that way is beyond me, but so it is.

"This old house of ours is as peaceful as could be, you'd imagine, yet there's a spell over it. When it was built over 100 years ago, the owner never set foot in it. He was murdered and his body never found. The stories said he was murdered, for he disappeared one night, never to be seen again. We've never told you, lest you'd be scared. So the house passed to the Courts. But I wonder if that original bad reputation hasn't encouraged Old Court to get up to his tricks.

"However that may be, I cannot live in fear. It will breed evil in me, I'm sure of it. I don't want you to be afraid, either. It is important for you to have courage burning like a fire inside you. Then you can be good, understand?"

She shook him, gazing into his eyes very seriously.

"Do you understand? Look at me. I want to be good, because people are happier if they are good. Do you understand?"

Sulkily, he said, "I am good. Can we go in now?"

It was growing dusk and a wind was rising.

"I can't go back into the house. We won't move till your father gets home. That's another half-hour or more. I won't be in there on my own, or with you. I won't sleep there another night. We can go and stay with

your father's folk over in Coltishall."

"Did you see him, Mum? You know, Old . . .?"

"No, I didn't *see* anything." Inconsequentially, she added, "I sometimes wonder if there really are such things as ghosts . . ."

There was silence. He saw her face working. She turned quickly away from him. Then she wept. The boy tried clumsily to comfort her.

"Oh, keep away from me, keep away. I want everyone to keep away from me. I'm bad, bad—miserable and bad."

He took her at her word. He ran away from her, ran down the twilight lane, away to the watermeadows. He had hated himself ever since for leaving her when she wept.

"I can't go back to the car," Norah said, looking weakly into his face.

Without contradicting her, Tom walked with her to the crumbling edge of the quay.



The willow was still there, bereft of leaf at this season. Just below the quay, where Ed and he once moored their canoe, tall frosted sedges stood, brown, mottled, crisp and dead. The broad was drying up, year by year, as it ever had been.

"This is where Ed and I used to swim, together with old Daisy. This was our place. We'd spend all day in the water. We never caught cold. Sometimes we'd swim out to the middle of the broad, to what we called Boot Island."

He pointed out across the ice to where the ducks were. "Somewhere out there. You can't see it now. We were happy then. And we're standing on the very spot where I fought Will Court, all one summery afternoon."

"All afternoon?"

He told her his story. After Ed had finished work, he and Tom would fetch Daisy from the field where she stood deep in buttercup and clover, and ride her down to the quay. One day they found a bicycle

»→

»→ propped against the sheds, and a large brown boy swimming in the broad. The boy climbed out, saying that he owned this place. His grandfather had been Gregory Court, who owned all the land hereabouts.

"He don't own no land hereabouts now, that's a fact, bor," said Ed. He and Tom had driven off the intruder with sticks. Will Court had pedalled away, dripping and naked, his clothes over the handlebars, shouting defiantly that he would be back to kill them.

He had come back, silent, unobserved. It was one midsummer day, when the long lanterns of the laburnum avenue were beginning to fall, and one side of the lane was flecked with red and white briar roses. The heat was so great that Tom ran down to the water on his own, without waiting for Ed to finish his labours in the workshop. He had stripped off his shorts and dived in, plunging through the clear brown water where minnows wheeled and turned like living galaxies. When he surfaced, Will Court was there waiting, and began throwing stones at him.

Tom scrambled out of the water through a bed of sedges, scattering the young frogs. Hidden by the sheds, he had crept up on Will Court from behind and attacked him with his bare hands.

"He was bigger than me. He stamped on my bare feet. I ran into the shed, but he followed, blocking the door. He swore he'd bash me up."

"Poor Tom," Norah said. "You should have run for the house, not the shed."

"A yard broom was standing in one corner. I charged him with it and banged him out of the way. We had a fist fight, right here on this quay. He knocked me down. My mouth was bleeding. I couldn't escape and I was afraid he was going to drown me. He kept saying that he owned the whole place. I broke away and climbed up a sloping willow that used to grow over the lane."

"Will Court followed, so I was trapped. He threatened to kill me. I pulled back a young branch and let go of it when he got near enough. It knocked him clean off the trunk and he crashed down to the ground. I went and jumped on him and hit him in the face. Then he'd had enough. He got up and ran—and never came back again."

"Oh, you were brave!" she exclaimed, hugging him.

"Well, I had no alternative." The story had cheered them both. Turning away from the frozen expanses of water, they walked, closely linked, back the way they had come, until the old house loomed into view, until they were safe on the by-road.

The BMW stood where Norah had left it, the passenger door open, the radio playing. As they got in, they looked round at the wood. Nothing presented itself except silence and stillness, nature withholding itself.

"I was imagining things," Norah said, with a small laugh. "I do find this is a spooky part of the country. You're kind of weird, too, this afternoon."

Indeed a special melancholy had the land

in its grip. The light had waned perceptibly, although the featureless cloud-cover overhead seemed no darker than before. Dead bracken, sombre trees and the long expanse of wall were the only features to present themselves. None held any particular interest or comfort.

Starting the car, Tom said, "Just before we head for Norwich, I want a closer look at the house. For sentiment's sake, or whatever..."

He had chosen a good moment. She was unable to make any objection.

When they reached the main gate, he turned in and parked on the asphalt park in front of the building. Enclosed by the wall, under the shade of a line of conifers, they felt that night was nearer. He saw anxiety in Norah's restless eyes.

"Don't be long," she said, and lit a cigarette with her plastic lighter. "You're a bastard, you know."

As he approached the house, people were leaving it, buttoning up their coats, moving hastily, calling to each other with voices sharpened by the cold. Most of them were women, who hurried over to old cars, one to each vehicle, shouting farewells as they went. The staff was going home—rather early, he thought with disapproval.

A notice at the door said: NORTH SCARNING COUNTY COUNCIL. Head Offices. On the door was a brass knocker, dull brown from years of negligence, in the shape of old London Bridge. His grandmother had affixed it to the door when they took the house over in the 20s. Sixty years ago, he thought. Heavy stuff. He was pleased by the secret signal.

Without knocking, he went in, to find himself in a much-altered entrance hall. One half of the hall was taken up by a cheaply built wooden cabin, to which the unwelcoming word "Inquiries" had been tacked. The cabin was lit. A typewriter and a small telephone exchange sat bathed in fluorescent light, but he saw no one of whom to inquire. Automatically, his gaze went to the staircase curving upwards at the back of the hall; he thought for a moment that someone stood on an upper step watching him. There was nobody in sight.

Taking advantage of the absence of a receptionist he walked rapidly down the corridor to his left. In the old days there had been only two rooms in the front of the house on this side, the breakfast room—so-called, although it was used as his father's snug little study—and the dining-room, in which his mother's old rocking-horse stood. Effortlessly, he found himself remembering every detail of every room—cosy, atmospheric, eternal, threatened. Now there were five doors instead of two, each painted grey, with frosted glass windows; the original rooms had been partitioned to make smaller offices.

No one stopped him. A young woman passed without giving him a second glance, a Walkman clamped over her ears. It buzzed at Tom as she went by.

At the far end of the passage was another cubicle, labelled Pensioners' Queries. It

came equipped with a glass sliding panel, a bell, and a pencil on a length of string. Once, the servants' back stairs had occupied the space, the very staircase Old Court had finally descended to terrify his mother into leaving the house. Tom looked up to see the scars of removal, but a false low plastic ceiling had been installed from which hung fluorescent lighting, concealing the past.

He sat down on a bench provided for pensioners awaiting a response to their queries, realizing how ill at ease he felt. More than that, ill. Why had he felt compelled to tell Norah the complete lie about Will Court?

The frosted glass panel slid open. A young lady stuck her tousled head half through and said, "Sorry, dear, closed. Come back tomorrow. Bye."

"Wait," said Tom, before she could disappear. "I want to speak to someone in charge."

He could hear his voice hollow and unnatural. Perhaps it accounted for the startled look she gave him. As she backed away into the room, he noticed she wore a green leather jacket. Evidently she was about to go home. Behind her, in the narrow room choked with desks, and a grey filing cabinet standing where the rocking-horse had once stood, two older women were examining Christmas streamers, probably with a view to decorating the office for that coming event. They, too, ceased what they were doing, and looked at Tom in consternation.

"It's all right," Tom said. "I used to live here."

One of the women dropped the box of streamers. The other ran into a farther room, crying, "Mrs Dunwoody, Mrs Dunwoody, Old Court's come downstairs."

He caught sight of himself in a mirror behind the young woman's desk, pale face peering through the hatch, dressed in black: black tie, black suit, black coat, white shirt. All proper for his grandmother's funeral in Norwich. But to the women in the council offices, a visitation of a different kind.

It was immediately understandable. The Bridges family had believed that Old Court haunted them because they were in part responsible for the decline that led to his suicide. He had been the family ghost, dreaded but domesticated. After Old Court had come downstairs and confronted Tom's mother in her kitchen, they had moved to another part of the country and prospered, never giving Old Court another thought, except to admit him to conversations at Christmas, in order to evoke an agreeable shudder. Thirty years later, people here still lived in dread of the same apparition; staff left before dark, women screamed at the sight of a pale face.

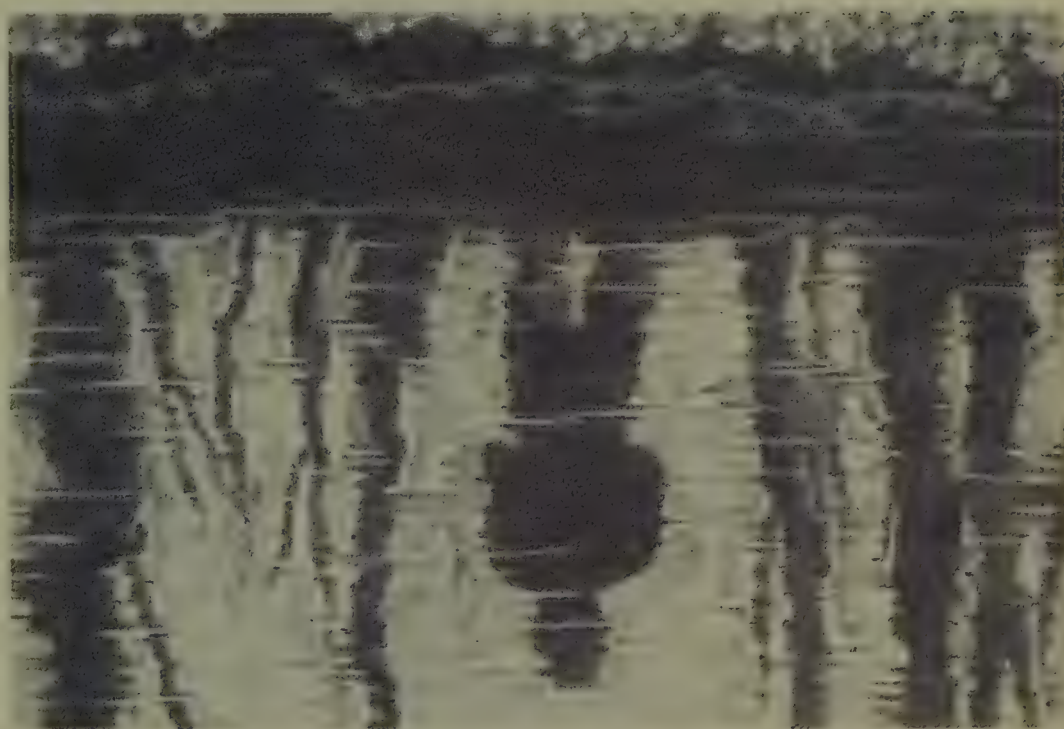
The young woman in the leather jacket showed resourcefulness. She dashed forward and slid the glass panel to in front of his face, as smartly as if it were a guillotine blade.

He stood in the chilly passage indecisively. Shortly after his parents had left North Scarning, his grandfather had died. His grandmother had then tried to sell the property

and move into Norwich. She could find no buyers. The evil reputation of a haunted house made it unsaleable. For weeks, then months, the place stood empty. As the weeds grew, so the price dropped. Some potential purchasers, inspecting the house, swore they had come face to face with Old Court on the stairs. As months turned into a year, it became clear that no one was ever going to wish to live in North Scarning House again. Eventually the council took it over and converted it.

The women were talking behind the door with the frosted glass. Tom could see their blurred outlines as they conferred in the space where he had once played at being a great huntsman. He turned on his heel and hurried from the building. He could no more face Mrs Dunwoody than she, presumably, could face him.

Outside, the car park was now dark. His BMW stood alone, apparently without an



occupant. He could see no sign of Norah.

He ran across the tarmac with its white-painted rectangles and flung open the passenger door. Norah lay there with her head back, slumped half across the front seats. It was light enough for Tom to see a red weal across her throat.

Fear overcame him. He almost ran away, as he had so often run from any kind of difficulty before. This time he fought the impulse. Reaching in, he touched her body tenderly.

"Norah."

She opened her eyes and began to giggle. Sitting up, she put one arm about his neck and kissed him.

"Sorry to scare you, you bastard. Couldn't resist it. You did just walk off and leave me, didn't you? I could have been raped and murdered 50 times."

He was almost mute with fury as she took out a tiny handkerchief, licked it, and began rubbing the lipstick from her neck. "Let's get out of here," she said. "Enough of this ➤➤➤"



Debrett's Dinner Party Cookbook
Debrett's addition to the Sloane kitchen.
£6.95

Please send me your free colour booklist ☐ ☐

»→ rotten nostalgia kick.”

He got into the driver's seat, and backed the car round. In the squat old house, one light burned upstairs. That room had once been his bedroom. There he had sat up in bed in the corner of the room, afraid to close his eyes until morning came. His lifelong habit of cowardice must have been reinforced by those insomniac occasions.

To be behind the driving wheel gave him confidence. He began to laugh. “You’re a real minx, Norah. I’ll never trust you again.”

“Just get me to Norwich. At least we buried your Gran—I want to drink to her staying good and buried.”

As they drove down the winding road, he said, of a sudden, “Norah, I lied to you. I didn’t fight Will Court, I wish I had. I hadn’t courage enough. He came and caught me by the quay and flung me in the broad. He was younger than me, too. I didn’t dare get out of the water in case he hit me. I swam over to Boot Island and stayed there all day.”

“Didn’t you knock him out of the tree?”

“Sorry. I made that up, too.”

After a moment’s silence, she put a hand on his leg. “I’m sorry you felt you needed to lie to me.”

“I was lying to myself.”

And down below the quayside, where the water was deepest, he and Ed had found a disintegrated body, a skeleton with a half-millstone secured by a chain round its waist. They had been too frightened to tell anyone. Only now, as the car headed for the Coltishall by-pass and Norwich, did it occur to him that his family had been too ready to expiate their guilt by giving Court’s name to that haunting presence.

It was probably much older than Court, was engendered not by Court’s suicide but by an older crime—the murder of the man who rotted under the piers of the quay. Evil had been more ancient than they imagined, and more durable, and still continued under an assumed name.

“God, I need that drink,” he said.

Norah was cheerful, now that Norwich and the comfortable hotel were somewhere ahead of them. As night closed in round the speeding car she said, “Don’t worry, Tom. You never have to go back there again, do you? Think of something nice.”

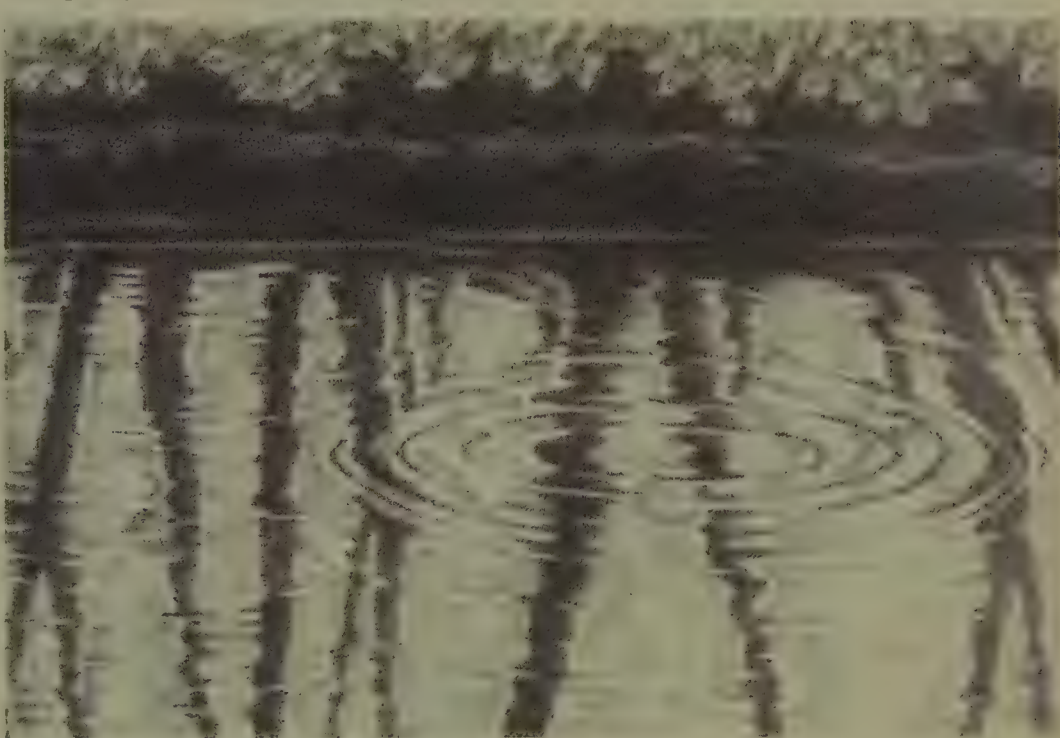
“You’re right,” he said, smiling affectionately. He knew that he went back to North Scarning in memory every week of his life, that he was tied to it and could never escape. All the same, anything was better than actually living there. He did as Norah suggested and thought of something pleasing.

Daisy came plodding over the field towards him as he unlatched the gate. She was a big old Suffolk Punch, the last of Tom’s father’s shire horses. Tom had a dim recollection from his earliest days of seeing Daisy pulling the plough over Barton Leaze Field, the blade turning up brown earth glistening like Christmas cake, a flock of gulls behind the ploughman screaming as they followed the furrow, and great Daisy leading the way, set-

ting her tasselled feet down steadily, never hurrying, never tiring—and never as efficient as a tractor.

She ambled out of the field and waited for Tom under an elder tree while he secured the gate, taking her chance to nibble the special grasses that grew in the bank. From the bank he climbed on to her back. Off they went, Ed walking beside her sucking a straw, slapping her neck occasionally, driving off flies. Down the lane they went, Tom having to sit crouched to avoid willow branches overhead, and the waters of the broad glittered through the trees. Never a sail on this private, secret water.

Often enough Daisy would pause at the water’s edge to slurp in the shallows as if testing the temperature. Sometimes Tom would slide off her back at this point. At other times he stayed on. The mare would then trudge into the water, moving slowly and quietly, from shallower to deeper water,



from tree-shadow to open sunlight. Soon she would be swimming, only her head and craning neck above the surface, and Tom and Ed would swim beside her, calling and laughing with pleasure.

Daisy liked best to swim where the water was deep, away from clinging sedges and reeds, along by the quayside and the old dam wall. There she could raise her head and crop the lush grasses from the banks as she swam. She never tired. Nor did the boys. They could stay for hours in the soft water, until the sun made a golden path across the broad and midges rose in tremulous clouds. They used to dive from the side, sometimes plunging right under Daisy’s broad belly. The embrace of the broads was silken on their bodies. Time was suspended. Everything was safe and beautiful. Life was a dream. The water was the world.

One day, Tom dropped his watch in the water. That was the day they dived deep and found the skeleton, smiling as if it had been waiting for them all summer ○

SMOKED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

Alex Finer conducts a tasting of a selection of smoked foods available by post and, overleaf, investigates other mail order foods of seasonal interest to the postal gourmet.

An Illustrated London News tasting team was pressed into service to sample a number of smoked food products available by post. It comprised a dozen members of the staff claiming no expertise beyond clear ideas of what they liked and disliked. The food tasted included smoked meats, poultry, fish and seafood.

One of the most attractively presented and best received items was a Cumberland Farnhouse cheese smoked by Thornby Moor Dairy, Aikton, Wigton, Cumbria CA7 0JZ (0965 43160). Available in 1lb and 5lb sizes at £2.24 a lb, plus postage at cost, it arrived in a small wicker basket tied with green ribbon. A typical comment was, "tangy—quite strong, very nice". Its smoky flavour was too strong for some palates: "it leaves that 'I've just sucked on a bonfire' taste".

Several smoked meats were tried from Summer Isles Foods, The Smokehouse, Achiltibuie, Ullapool, Ross-shire IV26 2TG (085 482 353). The hot-smoked venison ring sausage made with red wine and black peppercorns (two sausages weighing about 2½lb for £9.75) found some favour. "Unusual, very pleasant", "moist and full of flavour". Others commented, "bland", "boring",

"could taste the booze". The beer-cured smoked ham (a boneless joint of about 4lb for £16.25) got more consistent praise.

Several suppliers of smoked fish were tested. Scottish smoked salmon is probably the type of fish most widely available by post. It can mean many things, among them an imported fish smoked in Scotland, and a Scottish fish smoked anywhere else. It may be wild; it may be farmed. Even if these matters are satisfactorily defined, there remains the difficulty of forecasting the final taste from a description of the cure and smoke. The tendency has been for suppliers to reduce the individuality of their salmon flavours, moving instead towards a middle-of-the-road taste with broad acceptability.

Brown and Forrest, Thorney Langport, Somerset TA10 0DR (0458 251520) make clear that their salmon is wild and caught in Scottish rivers. It has a good colour and travels well, pre-sliced in vacuum-packs in slim white boxes with storage instructions (8oz for £8 and in other weights up to a 2½lb pre-sliced side for £31.25). The most common comment, however, was, "bland". The eel, smoked over beechwood and juniper berries, was preferred and is available in a 3oz sample taster for £2.25 as well as ➤

➤ whole (about 2lb at £6.50 a lb).

Tasting-team members were also more positive about the smoked Loch Etive trout from Inverawe Smokehouses, Taynuilt, Argyll PA35 1HU (08662 262) than about their smoked salmon. The two varied little in colour or smell, but the trout's softer consistency, thicker cut and cheaper price were all points in its favour (from £5.50 for an 8oz sliced pack to £11.85 for a 1½lb whole side).

A pair of kippers is one of the cheapest and most unusual presents you can send a friend this Christmas—or at any time of the year. John Curtis, 10/12 Woodbourne Road, Douglas, Isle of Man (0624 73875) will supply a pair by first class post for £1.69. The fish contain no dye or artificial additives, and during the herring season, which runs from June to September, they are dispatched without having been frozen. Our sample pairs arrived well sealed and were of firm texture, good colour and with an attractive smoke. "Too salty" was the view of those who tried them; and one added, "I have yet to eat a kipper that wasn't".

An exotic selection of smoked foods from Minola Smoked Products, Kencot Hill Farmhouse, Filkins, Lechlade, Gloucestershire GL7 3QY (036786 391) promised well; but the smoked oysters, mussels, quails' eggs, prawns, duck breast and chorizo sausage all proved disappointing.

The smoked oysters (£2 a dozen) and mussels (90p a dozen) received one enthusiastic endorsement as "yummy and delicious" but others found them "too smoky", "too strong", and even "revolting". The smoked duck breast (£5.60 a lb), which had been prepared in brine for 40 minutes, dried for three hours, cold smoked for 12 hours and hot smoked for 20 minutes was, after all that, judged "too dry", "hides the flavour of the duck". The smoked prawns (£2.75 a lb) were "overpowering" and "left an unpleasant burning aftertaste".

The smoked trout from Minola (£2.25 a lb) scored a "quite nice", a "very nice" and an "I would buy this". The smoked quail (£1.25 each) did better with "divine" and "juicy". Minola's greatest achievement was to win near universal praise for its smoked salmon which is dry salted, prehung and smoked for 18 hours (from £2.75 for ½lb).

Its winning quality was a distinctive smokiness that so many other salmons fail to provide. Compliments included "good, moist, tasty", "delicious, beautiful flavour, succulent" and "a winner".

Overall, smoked food by post received few rave reviews. General comments included, "a definite pre-packaged feel", "unimpressed" and "a little smoked goes a long way". As one member of the team put it: "I don't mind it as a snack or an hors-d'oeuvre, but I don't want smoked turkey on Christmas Day".

THE POSTAL GOURMET

Each year there seems to be a Christmas competition among marketing men to provide a new luxury commodity for the conspicuous consumer. Varieties of caviare are a popular theme. Last year's most unusual luxury food was probably snail caviare, available in a chic tin from Fauchon in Paris at sturgeon caviare prices.

This year's caviare variation comes from Pinneys of Scotland, best known for their smoked fish products. They have introduced Keluga caviare, obtained from mighty sturgeon weighing up to 500lb and found in the northern Chinese province of Manchuria. Those tempted to taste for themselves can obtain Keluga caviare in 125g tins at £32.50, and in 250g tins at £59.50, from Pinneys of Scotland, Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland DG12 5LP (057 63 401/8). Packing and postage are included.

A less ostentatious delicacy, far cheaper and much longer lasting, is La Mare cider mustard from Jersey's only commercial vineyard. The whole, unground mustard seeds even explode individually in the mouth, just as caviare should. They are blended with herbs, spices and Jersey cider. The mustard is mild and slightly sweet. A wine mustard is also available. Both cost £4.10 a jar and come in attractive terracotta pots with large cork stoppers. Minimum orders of two pots to any one address, postage and packing included, from La Mare Vineyards, St Mary, Jersey, Channel Islands (0534 81178).

While La Mare Vineyards planted their first vines in 1972, and extended into mustards, preserves and fudges in 1978, Whittard & Co of

Chelsea this year celebrate its centenary as suppliers of choice teas and quality coffees. Its list of provisions and groceries is a more recent development, with several tempting Christmas ingredients.

Large, skinned, whole French chestnuts are priced at £12.50 for three 880g tins; a 400g tin of marrons glacés costs £15.30. Among shelled nuts, there are ½ kilos of fresh pistachios for £10.50, pecans for £6.70, pine kernels for £6.90 and unsalted cashews for £6.50. Dried fruits include seeded Muscat raisins from Australia at £5.25 for a kilo, Californian prunes for £6.90, Turkish dried apricots for £7.90. Whittard and Co is at 111 Fulham Road, London SW3 6RP (589 4261).

This year, for the first time, a full range of the French Comtesse du Barry tinned products is available in London at a shop located on the premises of Grill St Quentin, opposite Harrods, and by post. A classic Languedoc cassoulet with goose *confit* costs £4.80 for 450g. The *confit* of duck breast is £8.75 for a 400g tin. Both capture the authentic flavours of these traditional dishes. There is a selection of duck and goose foie gras, soufflés which come in individual glass pots and need to be cooked for 30 minutes, and small 100g tins of sauces from 60p for a sauce *au poivre vert* to £1.95 for a sauce *Périgueux aux truffes*. My only disappointment was a pork vegetable pâté at £2.25 for 205g. Comtesse du Barry is at 7 Cheval Place, London SW7 1EW (581 8377).

The traditional hamper has long been the preserve of firms such as Hobbs & Co and Fortnum & Mason. Now instead of leaving the recipient impressed only by your generosity or

wealth, you can match a hamper to his or her character.

Heal Farm is not likely to insult a health-food friend by including a tin of soup whose main flavouring is monosodium glutamate. The farm, run by Anne Petch, specializes in quality meats produced naturally at a Rare Breeds Survival Trust approved centre. Breakfast sausages are made with bacon, pork, onion and oregano, but without rusk, colouring or preservatives.

The Heal Farm Christmas hampers cost up to £195, for which you get 21 items, including a 10-12lb farm-reared dressed turkey, 8-10lb ham, cooked on the bone, bacon, sausages, pâté, salamis, rump steak, eight smoked trout, two goat cheeses, butter, cream, Christmas pudding, and a bottle of Devon apple brandy—once brewed illegally and now obtainable exclusively from Heal Farm. They are delivered by overnight carrier within the UK with cooking and keeping instructions. Heal Farm is at Kings Nympton, Umberleigh, Devon EX37 9TB (076 95 2077).

A vegetarian may like to consider the Tropical Range from The Hamper People, Strumpshaw, Norwich, NR13 4AG (0603 713937). Of three selections, each costing about £20 including carriage and VAT, the Tropical one, contains a pineapple, two pawpaws, six passion fruits, two mangoes, six kiwis, 10 lychees, a box of dates and a net of nuts.

Crabtree & Evelyn at 55-57 South Edwardes Square, London W8 6HP (603 1611) know a thing or two about packaging and provide a range of painted tin hampers packed with selections of their dainty comestibles nestling in straw. The Winter Crabapple tin, for instance, has Cumberland sauce, Shrewsbury cookies, a wheat and honey chocolate bar, raspberry and kirsch jam and other goodies for £15.95. A 92-page catalogue (about a third of which is devoted to foods such as herbal jellies, cheese wafers and fruits in amaretto) costs £1.95 including postage. Their 16oz Christmas plum pudding costs £2.65, and 14.2oz of large ginger cookies, packed in a brightly decorated pillar box drum, costs £2.95.

One other suitably seasonal Christmas package for the sweet-toothed is provided by Meg Rivers Cakes, Lower Brailes, Banbury, Oxfordshire OX15 5HT (060885 584). It comprises a Christmas pudding, a Christmas cake, shortbread and brandy butter to a total weight of 3½lb at a cost of £17 including postage. As a sign of the times, cake, pudding and shortbread are made with organically grown wholemeal or white flour. The holly leaf decoration, however, is plastic ○

Keluga, a new caviare from Pinneys of Scotland, is billed as virtually identical to Oestra, better than Sevruga and offering a challenge to Beluga. (See details above.)





Greetings
from

PARIS

Friday;

Saw Oscar Wilde at Embassy
ball. His after dinner
conversation ~ as exquisite as the
Bénédictine ~ revolved around his new
play, "The Importance of Being Trevor".
He seemed to become quite excited
when I urged him to be
a little more serious...
earnest, perhaps.

J.P.B.



A UNIQUE AND SECRET BLENDING OF 27 HERBS AND SPICES.

LIQUEUR BÉNÉDICTINE
Pour les bons mots

STATE·OF
THE·ART
PRESENTS

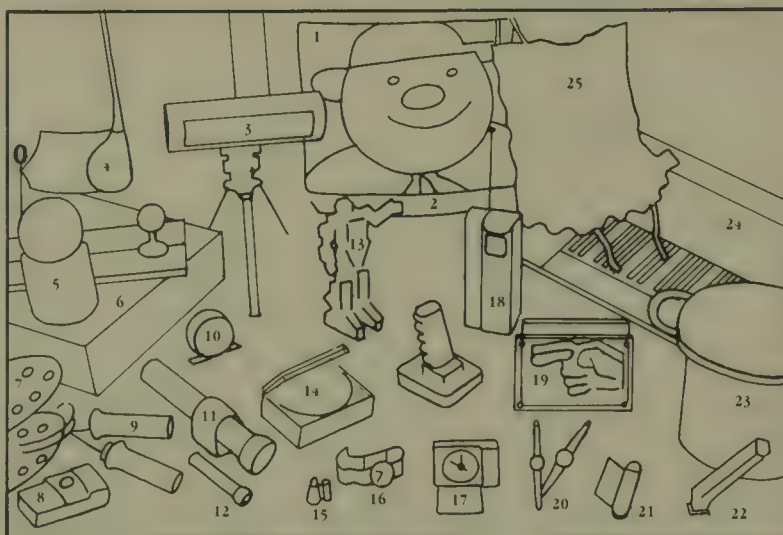


Above: Automatic cat feeder by Pet-Mate. A timer releases the lid at feed-time while ice in the box keeps the food fresh. £19.95, from Selfridges. Right: The latest teddy technology. Grandstand talking bear repeats what you say: just hold his hand to trigger off a tape recorder. £35.99, from Hamleys. Mothercare's Heart to Heart bear. When cuddled his heart beats like mother's. £19.99, from Mothercare. Teddy Ruxpin. His eyes and mouth move as he tells a story: tape-operated. £59.99, from Hamleys.



PHOTOGRAPHY, VICTOR WATTS
STYLING, MAUREEN WALKER
RESEARCH, SALLY RICHARDSON

1 Video of Raymond Briggs's *The Snowman*. £9.99, from Palace Video, 16 Wardour Mews, W1. **2** Sony 21-inch flat-screen colour television with stereo broadcast. £499, from Wallace Heaton, 127 New Bond St, W1, and other Sony stockists. **3** Mitsubishi Golf Trainer, the computerized way of improving your game. Feed in details about the club being used to receive a read-out on shift and speed of hitting the ball and how far it will travel before landing. The Trainer packs away into a compact metal case. £150, from Selfridges, Oxford St, W1. **4** Golf club and accessories from a large range at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, SW1. **5** Reco Robo, an electrically-powered tape recorder triggered by movement—ideal for leaving urgent messages by the front door. £75, from Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW7. **6** Video 8 EV-S700, a home video with built-in audio processor. Its 8mm tapes can record either 18 hours of sound (it can be connected to a hi-fi) or make three hours of visual/audio recording. £749, from Wallace Heaton. The tapes cost £10.99 each. **7** Some of the de-luxe golf shoes stocked by Lillywhites. The ultimate are a pair of hand-crafted Italian ones (not shown) which are £210. **8** The Olympus AF-1, a new "idiot-proof", shower resistant camera with automatic focus, wind-on, speed-setting and flash. It can also be fitted with wide-angle and telephoto lenses. £139.99, from Wallace Heaton and Olympus stockists. **9** Heated hand-grips for BMW motor-



cyclists. £64.78 for R80GS series, £66.93 for R65/R80 series. Available from BMW Park Lane, W1, and other BMW centres. **10** Fishing reel from a selection of hand-made ones by Hardy whose special edition reels cost £114, from Farlow & Co, 5 Pall Mall, SW1. **11** The powerful Streamlight torch. It can illuminate for over a quarter of a mile. £165, from CAZ, 39 Star St, W2. **12** Magilite slimline torch. £27.50, from Paul Smith, 44 Floral St, WC2, and Authentics, 42 Shelton St, WC2. **13** Omni Junior, a walking, talking robot with remote control by joy-stick (centre). £77.99, from Hamleys, Regent St, W1. **14** Sony Discman, one of the smallest portable compact disc players on the market operating off mains or batteries. £259.99, from Wallace Heaton and other Sony stockists. **15** Red

Alert, an automatic bite indicator light for night fishermen, selected by the Design Council. The unit fits onto the end of a rod and is powered by two R13-type batteries. When a fish bites it gives off a light visible for 50 yards. £4.95, from Candav, 231 Chelmsford Ave, Grimsby, South Humberside, DN34 5BY. **16** Porsche Design compass watch: it is a significant breakthrough to have a watch sitting directly above a magnetic compass. £1,275, available in black or olive from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW7, Harrods and leading jewelry stockists. **17** Braun voice-controlled alarm clock: sure to wake even the laziest sleeper who will have to shout to make it stop. £21.95, from Harrods. **18** Mitsubishi Roamer portable telephone, with a battery that lasts for one hour's trans-

mitting time or eight hours stand-by. £2,285 + VAT from Wallace Heaton. Also available is the very slim Excell Pocket phone. **19** PINHEAD sculpture, a satisfying executive game. Gently push any shape against one side and hundreds of tiny nails emerge on the other side to form a sculpture. £39.99, from Hamleys. **20** Men's and ladies' watches made from meteorites. On the back is an inscription saying where and when the space rock fell. £3,515 and £3,120, from Asprey, 165 New Bond St, W1. **21** Fanfare X-Changer calculator, the easy way to convert currency—just feed the exchange rate into the memory. £4.99, from branches of Boots, W.H. Smith and Dixons. **22** Wahl stubble device. This shaver leaves a fashionable bristle sure to bring roses to a lover's cheeks. £19.95, from Harrods. **23** Alessi pasta boiler, an excellent utensil for the pasta fiend which comes in three parts (centre shown). £97, from the Conran Shop, 77 Fulham Rd, SW3. **24** CZ-1, the first touch-sensitive synthesizer from Casio. It has 64 programmable memories, 64 operation memories for storing key-split and tone mix, and a cartridge option for a further 64 sounds. £999, from main music stores. Computer music-makers will also be interested in the Casio RZ-1 digital rhythm composer. £449. **25** Software for those defeated by modern gadgets—a basque of pure black silk from the Jeune Europe/Sarah range: sizes 34 to 38 inches. £203, from Harrods.

CHRISTMAS AT



A glimpse of the wonderful selection of exclusive gifts which conjure up the magic of Christmas... three white rabbit soaps in a crate **£3.95**, desk diary **£4.95**, Heal's glass perfume bottles **£7.95**, Heal's red bath box contains nailbrush, facecloth and shell soaps **£8.95**, traditional wooden shaving set **£14.95**.

HEAL'S

106 Tottenham Court Road London W1 • Timsgate Guildford
Drummond Place Croydon • Eden Walk Kingston



*The Illustrated
London News—
on Saturday,
December 23,
1848, price
1 shilling.*

WHICH WAS THE FIRST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD TO RUN A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT?

The 1986 Christmas Quiz comprises 100 questions of varying difficulty. Answers on page 82. By Christopher Booker

JOYEUX NOËL

In which European language is Christmas called:

- 1 Weihnachten
- 2 Natale
- 3 Vanoce
- 4 Christougenna
- 5 Rozhdestvo?

DRINK

If Christmas is a time when we are likely to be offered a bewildering variety of drinks, can you say on what the following are based:

- 1 Advocaat
- 2 Aquavit
- 3 Curaçao
- 4 Calvados
- 5 Bailey's Irish Cream
- 6 Southern Comfort
- 7 Steinhager
- 8 Kirsch
- 9 Tequila
- 10 Tokay?

FOOD

- 1 In central Europe which fish plays the same culinary part in Christmas celebrations as our goose or turkey?
- 2 In which part of the British Isles is it traditional to eat spiced beef at

Christmas?

- 3 In which country do they eat slemp, olie bollen and borstplaat on the eve of St Nicholas's Day?
- 4 In which country do they bake loaves called christópsomo?
- 5 What connexion is there between Christmas fare and Bronzes, Blacks and Small Whites?

GENERAL

1 Who said "Every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart"?

- 2 Who are Prancer, Dasher, Comet and Cupid?
- 3 For what two things was Christmas Humphreys best known?
- 4 Who found Father Christmas near the town of Prjnnestwe?
- 5 Who discovered Christmas Island in 1777?
- 6 Which song has sold more records than any other in history—(a) "Jingle Bells"; (b) "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer"; (c) "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"; (d) "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus"—and who wrote it?
- 7 What was the name of the Roman festival which was later transformed into Christmas?
- 8 Which famous scientist was born at Woolsthorpe Manor, near Grantham, on Christmas Day, 1642?
- 9 Which famous film star and comedian died in Switzerland on

Christmas Day in 1977?

10 Who wrote "Mr Swinburne does not hang up his stocking on the eve of the death of Victor Hugo; Mr William Archer does not sing carols descriptive of the infancy of Ibsen round people's doors in the snow. In the round of our mournful and rational year one festival remains out of all those ancient gaieties which once covered the whole earth. Christmas remains to remind us of those ages, whether Pagan or Christian, when the many acted poetry instead of the few writing it."?

POETRY

Who wrote:

- 1 And girls in slacks remember Dad
And oafish louts remember Mum
And sleepless children's hearts are glad
And Christmas morning bells say 'Come!'
Even to shining ones who dwell
Safe in the Dorchester Hotel.
- 2 High noon above the tamarisks the sun is hot above us
As at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone.
- 3 It is Christmas Day in the workhouse.
- 4 Heap on more wood—the wind is chill;



Tower House

— BATH —

Bath often called The "Queen of Cities" superbly situated for visiting a host of West Country attractions. Here at Tower House we offer peace, privacy and sheer luxury in the heart of the countryside, yet situated in such close proximity to this world renowned Georgian city.

We have created a small number of

Send for full colour brochure Tower House, Batheaston, BATH, Avon BA1 7JF Tel (0225) 852378

luxury suites, still retaining the charm of a family home with double suites available for long term residents.

Superb cuisine using home grown and locally produced vegetables.

Exquisite surroundings. Breathtaking views. However long or short your stay let us make it memorable!



MEDICI CHRISTMAS CARDS

Visit the Medici Galleries or ask locally for Medici cards.

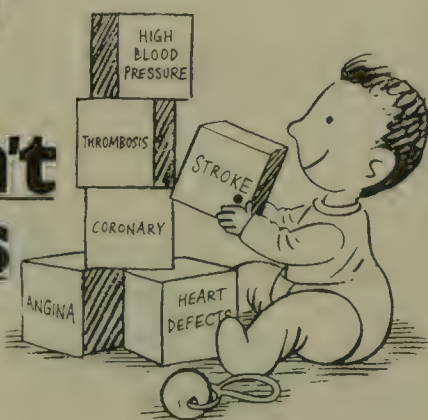
THE MEDICI GALLERIES
7 Grafton Street, London W1
26 Thurloe Street, London SW7
63 Bold Street, Liverpool L1

One day son, all this won't be yours

For 25 years, the British Heart Foundation has been funding vital research into Britain's biggest killer, heart disease.

We've achieved a great deal already. But we need your help if we're to continue building a healthier, safer world for the next generation to grow up in.

The more you help us, the more we'll find out.



1961  1986

A GENERATION OF PROGRESS
IN HEART RESEARCH

Please send me more information on the work of the BHF, and tell me about the ways in which I could help.

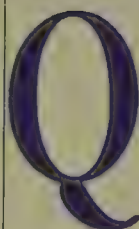
Send this coupon to the British Heart Foundation, 102 Gloucester Place, London W1H 4DH.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____ C/ILN/12

British Heart Foundation
The heart research charity.



But let it whistle as it will.

We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

5 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad.

CUSTOMS

1 When was Christmas first celebrated (a) the first century; (b) the fourth century; (c) the 10th century?

2 When was the first Christmas tree put up in England (a) the 16th century; (b) 1800; (c) 1852?

3 When was the first Christmas card printed in England (a) 1791; (b) 1843; (c) 1865?

4 When did someone first announce in *The Times* that he was "not sending Christmas cards this year" (a) 1964; (b) 1928; (c) 1873?

5 When did the Post Office first frank letters with the slogan "Post Early For Christmas" (a) 1952; (b) 1920; (c) 1880?

MUSIC

1 Which well-known piece of music was first performed on Christmas morning in 1870?

2 Who wrote the Christmas Oratorio?

3 Who wrote the oratorio *L'Enfance du Christ*?

4 Which well-known opera begins on Christmas Eve—in "a garret in the Latin Quarter"?

5 Which well-known ballet takes place on Christmas Eve—after the human beings have gone to bed?

CAROLS

Which of our most familiar carols:

1 Was written because a mouse had sabotaged the church organ at Oberndorf in 1819?

2 Commemorates a 10th-century Bohemian saint?

3 Was written by a Poet Laureate?

4 Was written by an American clergyman, the Rector of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, in 1857?

5 Was composed by Mendelssohn?

PLANTS

1 What sort of tree is a "Christmas tree"?

2 How is a "Christmas rose" otherwise known?

3 Which hero of Norse mythology was killed by mistletoe?

4 Which tree flowers at Christmas at Glastonbury?

5 On the west coast of America houses are decorated at Christmas with a local shrub called "Christmas-berries". Why is it so called?

CHRISTMAS DIARIES

From whose Christmas diary entries are the following taken:

1 I made a fair show of geniality throughout the day though the spectacle of a litter of shoddy toys and half-eaten sweets sickened me . . . luncheon was cold and poorly cooked. A ghastly day . . . Laura gave me a pot of caviare which I ate a week ago. My mother gave me a copy of *The Diary of a Nobody*. But for these I have had no presents although I have given many.

2 I am but a poor man, but I would gladly give 10 shillings to find out who sent me the insulting Christmas card I received this morning.

3 My, oh my, what a busy time I've had this week sending off all my cards, some of them to places with strange-sounding names. We had a gorgeous card from Her Majesty and the Duke, who have been very kind to Harold, and I was so moved by their lovely greeting I jotted down the following humble lines of loyal tribute.

4 Essex is wrapt in fog; it is like a winding sheet; but catarrhal and half-suffocated. I came down to breakfast and spoke to Rab who rang me up from Stansted, and we had a good gossip; how he loathes holidays, rest and country life.

5 Sun bright and pleasant. A gardener in this village has lately cut several large cauliflowers, growing without any glasses. The boys are playing in

The Illustrated London News Diary Set

Two perfectly matched International diaries offered as an exclusive set for 1987.

£24.75

(Diaries also available separately)

Plus FREE Notepad & Pen

worth £10.00 when you order your 1987 Diary Set.

Desk Diary

Sheer good looks are all very well – especially when a diary is as superbly presented as the 1987 Illustrated London News International Diary – but when all is said and done, it's what's inside your diary that counts. Which is why you will find the exhaustive 96-page Guide featured in the diary a real boon when planning your business – or leisure – travel next year. It's an up-to-date profile of nearly 50 countries, compiled by correspondents who live and work there – so only the most relevant, or interesting information is included:

- Entry/Exit regulations • Tax/ Customs restrictions • International Time
- International Airports – and distances from City centres • Dialling Codes • Air Distances and Flying Times • Major City profiles – with recommended restaurants, and hotels; how to get around, things to see and do, average price guide, tips on social and business etiquette, tips on using the local postal and telephone systems – in fact, things that even the most seasoned business traveller will find useful.

FREE Notepad & Pen

Fashioned from rich black leather, your matching Notepad Set features gilt-metal corner guards, stylish grey stationery, and smart matt black and gold pen.

Other features include: Practical week-at-a-glance diary spreads • Full year's calendar displayed across each double page • Week number, and day number system • Reminder sections for evening appointments • 32-page Map section • Time Graph, Six Year Calendars and Year Planner • 13-month diary section: January 1987–January 1988 • Black bonded leather covers. Size: 10½" × 8½" (27 × 21cms)

Pocket Diary

Beautiful black-grained bonded leather covers...elegant gilt-edged pages...a silk ribbon marker...in fact, your slim, prestigious Pocket Diary shows the same thoughtful attention to detail that is renowned worldwide in the Desk Diary.

As a perfect matching companion, it contains the same handy 13 month week-at-a-glance format, together with specially selected international business information.

Size: 6½" × 3½" (18.5 × 8.5cms)

Wallet Pocket Diary Be sure to carry your Pocket Diary in its superb matching silken-lined leather Wallet – with individual pockets for currency, cheques, credit cards and tickets, you carry all you need for travelling in one slim package.

Size: 7½" × 3½" (19 × 9cms)

ORDER FORM

Please send me:

Item	U K	Eur.	USA & Can.	Rest of World	Qty.	Total
Diary Set (comprises Desk Diary, Pocket Diary & FREE Notepad & Pen)	£24.75	£31.50	£32.50	£33.90		
Desk Diary	£19.50	£26.25	£27.25	£28.65		
Pocket Diary	£ 8.25	£ 9.50	£ 9.60	£10.00		
Pocket Diary & Wallet	£23.25	£25.75	£26.75	£27.00		
Gold blocking of initials per item <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> (4 max.)	£ 3.00	£ 3.00	£ 3.00	£ 3.00		
TOTAL £						

Prices include handling/packing, delivery by surface mail and VAT. (Overseas customers please note: Prices do not include any local taxes or duties that may be levied outside the U.K.)

I enclose cheque or Money Order for £ _____ made payable to The Illustrated London News.

I wish to pay by:



My account number is:

Expiry date...../...../.....

Signature.....

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss).....

(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

Town/City.....

Postcode..... Tel No.....

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. All orders will be despatched from London

Please send your order to:
Diary Offer, The Illustrated London News,
P.O. Box 340, Wellington Street,
Slough, SL1 1UG, England.

ILN2

The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund repays the debt we owe



The Royal Air Force reached a peak strength of 1,200,000 in 1944 and more than 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ million men and women served during the war years.

Thousands did not come back. Many lie in the forgotten corners of earth and sea. Many thousands more were left disabled — mentally and physically.

Each year demands on the Fund are increasing as the survivors of World War II and their dependants grow older and increasingly vulnerable to infirmity and economic hardship. To carry on its work, the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund must raise over £7,000,000 annually.

We need your help. Every donation we receive means we have more to give. Please remember the Fund in your Will; advice on legacies, bequests and covenants is gladly given. If you know of anyone who might qualify for help from the Fund please let us know.

Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund

67 Portland Place,
London W1N 4AR

Telephone: 01-580 8343

Registered under the War Charities Act 1940 and the
Charities Act 1960

Registration No. 207327

HORSES AND PONIES LIKE THIS ARE CRYING OUT FOR HELP



IT IS ONLY A
CHRISTMAS CARD
TO YOU — BUT THE
CHANCE OF A
FUTURE FOR HIM.

Locked in the dark,
covered in lice and
filth, this gentle
horse was starving
to death. Now he is
safe and making
good progress in
HAPPA'S care.

THE SALE OF CHRISTMAS CARDS AND PRESENTS HELPS TO FUND OUR RESCUE WORK

The Horses and Ponies Protection Association
Greenbank Farm, Greenbank Drive,
Fence, Near Burnley, Lancashire
Reg. Charity No. 217161
Please send s.a.e.

YOUR OWN APARTMENT IN AN HISTORIC COUNTRY MANSION

Our Association owns nine historic country houses in the South of England which have been restored and converted into unfurnished apartments of varying sizes for people who recognise the value of independent living in gracious and beautiful surroundings.

The houses are administered along the lines of residential country hotels with all meals and services provided.

If you would like to be associated with our work either as a resident or a member write or telephone for our illustrated brochure.



Country Houses Association Limited.
(C88), 41 Kingsway, London WC2B 6UB
or telephone 01-836 1624



1



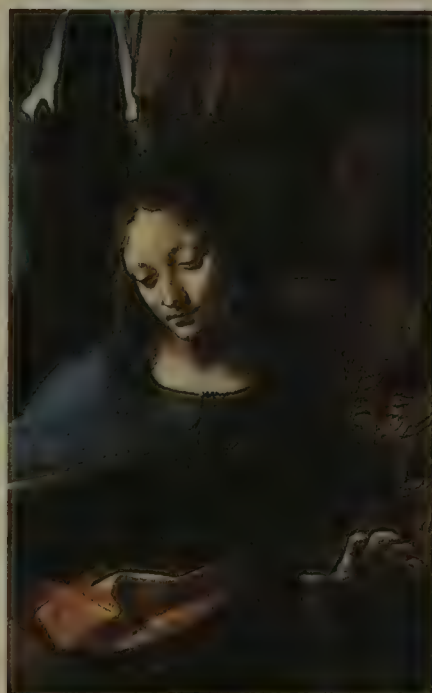
2



3



4



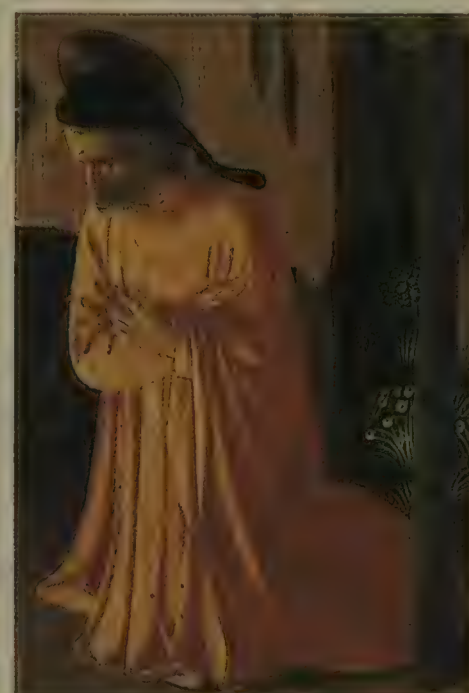
5



6



7



8



9

Who painted the pictures from which these details are taken?

their shirts. On this day Admiral Kempenfelt fell in with a large convoy from Brest and took a number of French transports.
6 A real spring day with birds singing and little noses pushing up from the soil. I avert my gaze from such unwise and unseasonal precocity. We give each other Christmas presents. I give Viti some bath towels (which I like, but she doesn't), some sherry glasses (which she doesn't

like either), a flag for the tower (which she would have had to get in any case), and a new edition of Larousse (which she hates). Not a successful Christmas-gift ceremony.
7 I dined today being Christmas Day at 1 o'clock, and the following poor old people dined here also, viz. Thos. Cary, Thos. Dicker, Thos. Cushing, Ried. Bates, Ried. Buck, Thos. Carr and Js. Smith, my clerk. After they had dined I gave to each one shilling

... Pray God! ever continue to me the power of doing good.
8 To Church in the morning and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry with another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition.
9 I went with my wife &c to Lond. to celebrate Christmas Day. Mr Gun-

ning preaching ... as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the Chapell was surrounded with Souldiers: All the Communicants and Assembly surpriz'd and kept Prisoners by them, some in the house. others carried away ... in the afternoon came Collo-nel Whaly, Goffe and others from Whitehall to examine us one by one ... When I came before them they took my name and abroad, examin'd me, why contrarie to an Ordinance

Celebrated Country Hotels



Celebrate Christmas this year in style and luxury of a bygone day!

Come and enjoy our elegant surroundings of this gracious Queen Anne country house hotel in the heart of the Worcestershire countryside. The Elms is renowned for its warm hospitality and gourmet cuisine at its best. Our **Christmas Programme** is available at £94 per person per day fully inclusive of meals, luxury accommodation, service and VAT, (minimum stay 4 days).

Special Weekend Breaks are also available at £93 per person for two nights luxury accommodation, dinner, English breakfast, service and VAT.

For further details please contact Miss Rita Mooney, Manager or Jane Swinley, Reception Manager
The Elms, Abberley, near Worcester WR6 6AT
Tel: Great Witley (029 921) 666

AA*** (red), RAC***, AA Rosette, Egon Ronay*, BTA Commendation, A Member of Britain's Prestige Hotels.

Celebrated Country Hotels UK Sales Office (0628) 37230.

Q

that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them) I durst offend. 10 Christmas Eve. William is now sitting beside me, at half past 10 o'clock. I have been beside him ever since tea running the heel of a stocking, repeating some of his sonnets to him, listening to his own repeating, reading some of Milton's and the Allegro and Penseroso. It is a quite keen frost.

William emphatically. "When the clock is done striking twelve, dance as much as you like."

"Well, I must say there's reason in that, William," said Mrs Penny. "If you do have a party on Christmas night, 'tis only fair and honourable to the Church of England to have it a sit-still party. Jigging parties be all very well, and this, that and therefore. But a jigging party looks suspicious. Oh yes, stop till the clock strikes, young folk—so say I."

5 After playing lady's maid to the newcomer, and putting my cakes in the oven, and making the house and kitchen cheerful with great fires befitting Christmas Eve, I prepared to sit down and amuse myself by singing carols, all alone, regardless of Joseph's affirmation that he considered the merry tunes I chose as next door to songs.

6 The mummers (some of them the house-serfs) dressed up as bears, Turks, inn-keepers and ladies—frightening and funny—bringing in with them the cold from outside and a feeling of gaiety, crowded, at first timidly, into the ante-room, then hiding behind one another as they pushed into the ballroom, where shyly at first and then more and more merrily and heartily, they started singing, dancing and playing Christmas games.

7 The back rooms were cluttered up with furniture which had been moved out of the ballroom and the drawing room. Here the Sventitskys kept their Christmas workshop, their magic kitchen. There was a smell of paint and glue, and coloured wrappings and boxes of cotillion favours and spare candles were piled up on every chair.

The Sventitskys were writing names for presents and for seats at the supper table . . . they were overjoyed at Tonya's and Yura's coming, they remembered them as children and unceremoniously set them to work.

8 "Riley," said Bella with some solemnity, "I propose to give a ball at Christmas."

"Indeed!" said her butler. "And for what would you want to be dancing at your age?". But as Bella adumbrated her idea, a sympathetic light began to glitter in Riley's eye.

"There's not been such a ball in the country for 25 years. It will cost a fortune."

"It will cost £1,000," said Bella proudly.

HOW MANY...

- 1 Maids a milking?
- 2 Ships came sailing in?
- 3 Silver threepenny bits in a £1?
- 4 "White Christmases" in London since the Second World War?
- 5 Christmases has there been a Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square?

CHRISTMAS IN NOVELS

Who wrote the following:

1 I must admit that my wicked parents turned up trumps at Christmas, and my presents from them were always the envy of the entire household. This year my mother, who was in Paris, sent a gilded bird-cage full of stuffed humming birds which, when wound up, twittered and hopped about and drank at a fountain. She also sent a fur hat and a gold and topaz bracelet, whose glamour was enhanced by the fact that Aunt Sadie considered them unsuitable for a child, and said so.

2 On Christmas Eve, she and Meg gave a party. Holly asked me to come in early and help trim the tree. I'm still not sure how they manoeuvred that tree into the apartment. The top branches were crushed against the ceiling, the lower ones spread wall to wall; altogether it was not unlike the yuletide giant we see in Rockefeller Plaza.

3 It was fairly Christmassy. All those scraggy-looking Santa Clauses were standing on corners, ringing those bells, and the Salvation Army girls, the ones who don't wear any lipstick or anything, they were ringing bells too.

4 "Dick! Now I cannot—really I cannot allow any dancing at all until Christmas Day is out," said old

Two years ago you wouldn't have believed that Tony Bagley could ever look after himself.

To see Tony now, walking unaided, chatting away, enjoying painting, would seem miraculous to anyone who knew him when he first came to the RHHI in 1984. Then he couldn't walk, had speech difficulties, was unable to wash or dress himself. He and his nurses and therapists have worked so hard he now needs minimal nursing care.

We have 330 patients like Tony. Please help such courage and such dedication. We are a registered charity (No. 205907) and rely on donations, legacies and covenants. Our Director of Appeals is Captain A. D. Hutton, OBE, RN (Ret'd), The Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Dept. ILB, West Hill, Putney, London SW15 3SW.

The Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables

PATRONS: HM THE QUEEN AND HM THE QUEEN MOTHER



RHH
Putney and
Brighton

ART

=CHRISTIE'S=

The right place
for Wine

Michael Broadbent

8 King Street, St. James's
London SW1 Tel: (01) 839 9060

Tony Thompson

85 Old Brompton Road
London SW7 Tel: (01) 581 7611

ANCESTRY

ANCESTRY

Contact the team
with the best experience World-wide

ACHIEVEMENTS

NORTHGATE CANTERBURY CT11BA (J)
TEL: 0227 462618

For economical research and art-work

HERALDRY

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

RAF BENEVOLENT FUND
CHRISTMAS CARDS AND GIFTS

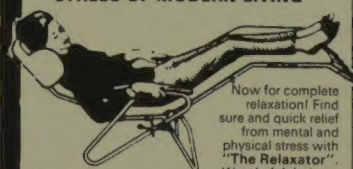
Wide choice of cards featuring aircraft and traditional designs, including Concorde, the Red Arrows and the QE2, photographed by Arthur Gibson. Exclusive range of gifts to suit all ages and tastes.

For full colour brochure, please contact: Assistant Secretary Appeals, RAF Benevolent Fund, 67 Portland Place, London W1N 4AR.
Telephone: 01-580-8343 (S.A.E. appreciated)

Personal callers welcome during office hours.
5am-9pm. Monday-Friday

10 MINUTES HOLIDAY A DAY

WITH THE Relaxator 365

BANISHES THE TENSION AND
STRESS OF MODERN LIVING

Now for complete relaxation! Find sure and quick relief from mental and physical stress with "The Relaxator".
Wonderful design - feet-above-head curved suspension so restful and refreshing and it's so easy to control position. The ideal gift, a life-long investment.

Send today for free brochure:
RELAXATOR LTD, Dept ILN
FREEPOST, EAST MOLESEY
SURREY RT8 9BR Tel: 01-941 2555

THIS XMAS

Give someone a memory to last a lifetime. Give them an original issue of The Times newspaper dated the very day they were born. £11.95 (including free 19th c. newspaper with each single order). Also available: Nottingham Guardian (1919-1959), Yorkshire Herald (1829-1935), Glasgow Herald (1861-1933), the Scotsman (1913-1932) Sporting Chronicle (1881-1976), Punch (1860s-1970s), Met Office weather reports, (1909-1939, 1950-1959).

Phone 0492 31303/31195, or write:
Yesterday's News,
43 Dundonald Road, Colwyn Bay,
LL29 7RE.

PINNEYS
OF SCOTLAND

"Two exciting baskets for your more problematic presents from Pinneys of Scotland, containing a delicious assortment of finest quality fish products for your delectation. Ring Jean McPhail on Ecclefechan (05763) 401 for your smoked salmon, caviar, gravadlax, pate and cheese requirements this Christmas.

PINNEYS OF SCOTLAND, BRYDEKIRK,
ANNAN, DUMFRIES DG12 5LP

TAXIDERM Y

400 mainly Victorian cases of
birds, animals, fish etc.

The Enchanted Aviary
Long Melford, Suffolk

Tel: Sudbury (0787) 78814
Established 15 years.

FRUIT PRESSES
& CRUSHERS

are our speciality
Turn your windfall and
surplus fruit into juice. Ideal
for wine & cider making.

From £69 delivered

Details from

Vigo Dept. L,

40 Concanon Road,

London SW2 5TA.

Tel: 01-737 5388

KITES

Discover a New World of Kites!

- * Easy to Fly
- * Ideal Gifts for the Family, Young or Old
- * Brilliant Colours
- * Tough Sailcloth Fabric
- * Fast Mail Order (Credit Cards Welcome)

Send Stamp Please for Free Illustrated Catalogue

MALVERN KITES, St. Ann's Road, Malvern, Worcestershire, WR14 4PZ
Telephone: Malvern (08845) 65504

GENERAL

PUBLICITY PHOTOS
(Est. 1950)

Anyone, anything, expertly
photographed, (anytime).

Studio/location.

Tel: 01-701 3234

161 Chatham Street
London SE17 1PA

GREENWICH—LONDON

Beautifully modernised one bedroom flat in the heart of historic Greenwich. Close to Cutty Sark, Maritime Museum and River, with easy access to Central London. Available for short holiday lets, sleeps 2/4, all mod cons. £200 per week.

Mrs V Totty, 16 Greenwich Church St.,
London SE10

Telephone: 858 1404 or 858 0657

BOOK PUBLISHER invites AUTHORS to send manuscripts for publication on subsidy terms. All categories considered including AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, POETRY and NEW AUTHORS are welcome.

MERLIN BOOKS LTD.

East Street, Braintree, Devon EX33 2LD.
Tel: (0271) 812117.

HOTELS

POLRAEN COUNTRY

HOUSE HOTEL

SANDPLACE, LOOE
CORNWALL PL13 1PJ
TELEPHONE: LOOE 3956
Proprietors: Peter & Joyce Allcroft



We are a former 18th century coaching inn situated in a peaceful valley, two miles from Looe. Now a fully licensed hotel offering every comfort and a warm welcome to all our guests.

Centrally heated, en suite bedrooms, with tea and coffee making facilities in each room. Our excellent cuisine uses locally grown vegetables and locally made bread.

MINI BREAKS

£57 (inc VAT) per person any 3 nights
until 14th December.

Ring or write now for brochure.

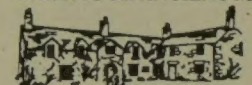
IN
OLD SANDWICH,
KENT

Mrs Maxtone Graham has vacancies for weekends and holidays all year round in these Listed converted almshouses in her quiet garden in historic Sandwich.

Colour television.

From £80 to £140 per week.

Full illustrated details. Telephone 0304 613270, or write: 6 Moat Sole, Sandwich, Kent CT13 9AU

R.A.C. HIGHLY ACCLAIMED
DARTMOOR ANCIENT MANOR

Good
Hotel
Award

All Oak Beams & Comfort
Inglenook fireplaces, Granite Arched door.
Galleried Hall. Quality en-suite rooms.
4 poster. Col. T.V. Tea/Coffee fac:

The very best of food, freshly cooked.

Collaven Manor Country House Hotel
Sourton, Near Okehampton, Devon.
Mrs Swann (083 786) 217. Open all year.

OPERA

Royal Opera House
Covent Garden

PRICE
£3.50
inc. p&p

Royal Opera House
Covent Garden

1987 CALENDAR. Six ballets and six operas photographed in performance. Thirteen leaves printed in full colour one side only. 340 x 240mm. Supplied in postal carton. Available from MBA DISTRIBUTORS, HUBY, LEEDS, NORTH YORKSHIRE LS17 0BW.

HISTORY

1 In which year was Christmas celebrated by a game of football in No Man's Land?

2 In which year was England two-up in a Test series against Australia at Christmas—having won by 322 runs and an innings—and yet went on to lose the series?

3 Why was Christmas Island in the news in 1957?

4 Which king of England was crowned on Christmas Day?

5 Which British colony surrendered on Christmas Day, 1941?

GOSPELS

Of the four New Testament gospels, which:

1 Make no mention of the birth of Christ?

2 Includes the shepherds?

3 Includes the three wise men?

4 Includes the ox and the ass?

5 Gave Handel the words of "For Unto Us A Child Is Born" in *Messiah*?

**THE NATIONAL
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION**

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen
President: The Lady Home of The Hirsell



Feel the warmth of giving this Christmas

... and help someone to feel a little less alone in the world. Christmas can be an agonising time for those who are old and without warmth and company. The memories. The feeling of isolation. People who have devoted their lives to the care of others, are now in need of help themselves.

Traditionally Christmas is the time for giving. There are elderly people who need our help and yours. A donation of £50 will help to keep someone warm all winter long, but we would be grateful for whatever you can spare.

The NBI was founded in 1812 to help elderly gentlefolk, who through no fault of their own found themselves in reduced circumstances in their declining years. Please help us to keep the same spirit alive this Christmas and bring a little hope to those who have given so much.

NBI
Help us to care
for those who have cared

To: THE SECRETARY
DEPT ILN X, THE NATIONAL
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION
61 BAYSWATER ROAD
LONDON W2 3PG

I enclose £ _____
for the elderly in need

Name _____

Address _____

DEPT ILN D

Reg. Charity 212450



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
LIFT MANUFACTURERS

BARRON HOME LIFTS



Ring or write to us
about a lift for YOUR home.

**BARRON & SHEPHERD
LTD (Dept ILN)**

134, King Street,
Hammersmith, London W6 0QU
Telephone 01-748 0311

For the man who has everything

Subject to
availability



£18

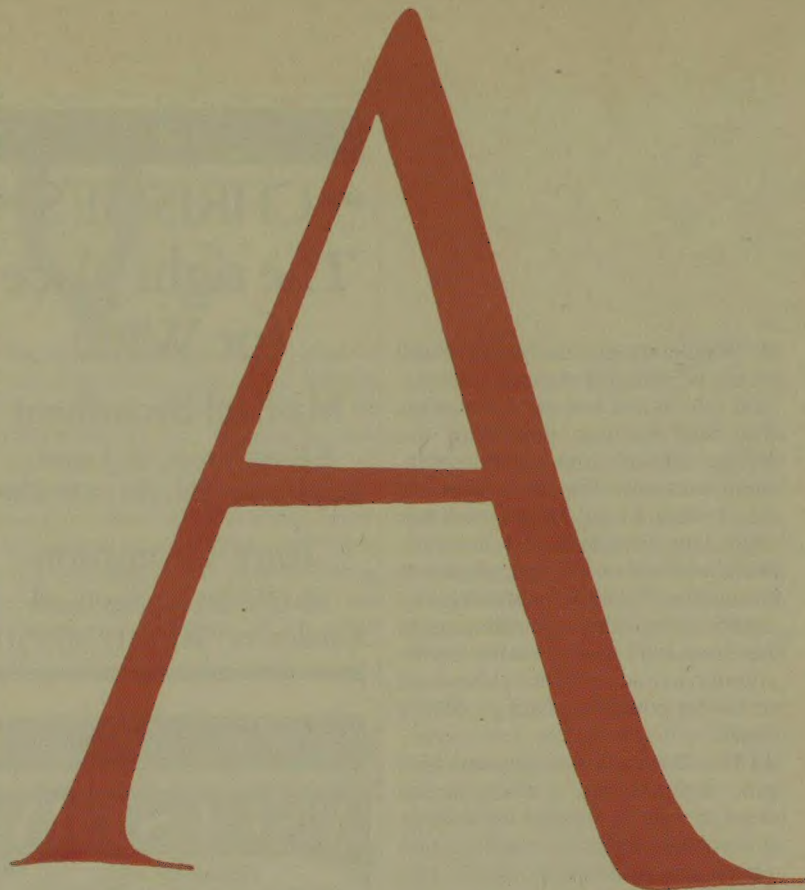
A unique drip collar which consists of a lipped circle of hallmarked silver in which is a removable washable felt. It prevents the drip staining your tablecloth.

Price includes postage, packing and insurance anywhere.

Our brochures including other interesting items will be sent on request.



Silversmiths & Jewellers
28 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W1R 9TA
01-629 4289 01-499 7644



JOYEUX NOËL

1 German; 2 Italian; 3 Czech; 4 Greek; 5 Russian

DRINK

1 rum with eggs & lemon juice; 2 grain or potatoes; 3 oranges; 4 apples; 5 Irish whiskey (with cream); 6 Bourbon (with oranges and peaches); 7 rye; 8 cherries; 9 cactus; 10 grapes (it is a sweet wine)

FOOD

1 carp; 2 Ireland; 3 Holland; 4 Greece; 5 they are all varieties of turkey

GENERAL

1 Ebenezer Scrooge (*A Christmas Carol*); 2 four of Father Christmas's reindeer (from Moore's *The Night Before Christmas*); 3 being a judge and a Buddhist; 4 Babar; 5 Captain Cook; 6 "I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas" by Irving Berlin (more than 100 million copies sold, including 25 million in the original version by Bing Crosby); 7 Saturday; 8 Isaac Newton; 9 Charlie Chaplin; 10 G. K. Chesterton

POETRY

1 John Betjeman (*Christmas*); 2 Rudyard Kipling (*Christmas In India*); 3 George Sims (title of poem); 4 Walter Scott (*Marmion*); 5 Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, Act 1, scene 1)

CUSTOMS

1 fourth century; 2 1800, introduced from Germany to Windsor Castle by Queen Charlotte, wife of George III; 3 1843, painted by John Calcott Horsley RA (1,000 cards, showing a Victorian family grouped round the festive board, were printed by Messrs Jobbins of Holborn); 4 1873; 5 1880 (when postage cost 1d)

MUSIC

1 Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*; 2 J. S. Bach; 3 Berlioz; 4 Puccini's *La Bohème*; 5 Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*

CAROLS

1 Silent Night; 2 Good King Wenceslas; 3 While Shepherds Watched (1696); 4 We Three Kings; 5 Hark the Herald Angels Sing

PLANTS

1 Norway Spruce; 2 Black Hellebore; 3

Baldur (stabbed by a dart of sharpened mistletoe wood); 4 hawthorn; 5 because its berries are like those of holly

CHRISTMAS DIARIES

1 Evelyn Waugh; 2 Mr Pooter (*Diary of a Nobody*); 3 Mary Wilson (Mrs Wilson's *Diary*, *Private Eye*); 4 Chips Channon; 5 Gilbert White; 6 Harold Nicolson; 7 Parson Woodforde; 8 Samuel Pepys; 9 John Evelyn; 10 Dorothy Wordsworth

PICTURES

1 Giotto (*Nativity*, Arena Chapel, Padua)
2 Memlinc (*Virgin and Child with Saints*, National Gallery, London)
3 Rembrandt (*Nativity*, National Gallery)
4 Crivelli (*Nativity*, National Gallery)
5 Leonardo da Vinci (*Virgin of the Rocks*, National Gallery)
6 Piero della Francesca (*Nativity*, National Gallery)
7 Botticelli (*Nativity*, National Gallery)
8 Fra Angelico (*Nativity*, Museo di San Marco, Florence)
9 Gerard David (*Nativity*, National Gallery)

HOW MANY...

1 eight; 2 three; 3 80; 4 two—1956, 1970; 5 39—the tree was first sent by the people of Oslo in 1947

CHRISTMAS NOVELS

1 Nancy Mitford (*The Pursuit of Love*); 2 Truman Capote (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*); 3 J. D. Salinger (*Catcher in the Rye*); 4 Thomas Hardy (*Under The Greenwood Tree*); 5 Emily Brontë (*Wuthering Heights*); 6 Tolstoy (*War and Peace*); 7 Pasternak (*Dr Zhivago*); 8 Evelyn Waugh (*Bella Fleece Gives a Party*—short story); 9 P. G. Wodehouse (*The Inimitable Jeeves*); 10 Solzhenitsyn (*The First Circle*)

HISTORY

1 1915 (on the Western Front); 2 1936; 3 Britain exploded her first H Bomb there; 4 William the Conqueror; 5 Hong Kong

GOSPELS

1 St Mark, St John; 2 St Luke; 3 St Matthew; 4 none—they came in the Middle Ages, from a reference in Isaiah; 5 none—also taken from Isaiah

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

OCTOBER 1986

A NEW BRIDGE FOR LONDON

Richard Rogers' plan to
humanise the Thames

FROM MAGNETS TO MASSAGE

Oliver Gillie explores
alternative medicine

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DINNER JACKET

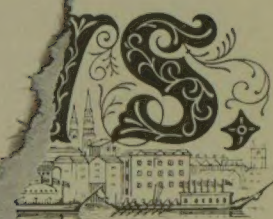
Angus McGill toasts the
DJ's centenary

ILN AUCTION GAME

£1,000 sales
voucher to be won

'NOT GUILTY M'LUD'

A divided profession
puts its case



£1.30

25% OFF

Special
introductory
offer to new
ILN
subscribers.

This special offers means
you only pay £14.50* for
your subscription instead
of the normal £19.50.

Complete the details
below and return in
the addressed envelope
provided.

You will receive the next
12 issues of the ILN plus
the Christmas number.

Please enter my personal
subscription (Tick as required) ☐

Name

Address

Post Code

Please enter my gift
subscription (Tick as required) ☐

Gift 1. Recipient

Address

Post Code

My cheque/postal order is
enclosed payable to:
The Illustrated London News
Please debit my Access/Am Ex/Visa/
Diners Club
No:

Amount to debit.

£ Signature

Special Annual Rates*

UK £14.50-\$21.50 USA/Europe £20-\$30
Canada £20-\$40 Rest of World £23-\$34

Use envelope provided to return this order
form or return to: Subscriptions Manager,
ILN, Farndon Road, Market Harborough,
Leicestershire LE16 9NR. X



MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
**STOPPING SMOKING REDUCES THE RISK
OF SERIOUS DISEASES**

Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers